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THE ROBINS.

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BY BARRETT SYLVESTER.

From off the hills the golden glow is fading day by day,
Nor more of spicy fragrance breathes from every wandering spray;
But silvery mists come creeping up to spread their mantle mild
O'er branches bare, and garnered fields, where late the glory smiled.

And all these dear November days
How sweet the robins sing!
I pause to catch the liquid notes
Which through the stillness ring,
And pray, as o'er my gladness
There steals a throb of pain
"God keep the dear old robins
Till they come back again!"

A few brief weeks are nature dons the livery of death,
And blushing leaves grow pale and shrink before the north wind's breath;
The gentian blue, beside the brook, will drop its fringes low,
And sleep, with many a blighted thing, beneath the drifted snow;

No longer from the sunny fields
The bubbling notes will rise,
Or breast aflame, 'mid shading leaves,
Show where a treasure lies;
Only the snowbird, hovering,
Will twitter at the pane—
"God care for all the robins,
And bring them back again!"

Then through the long, long Winter days, when winds are piping shrill,
And softly fall the feathered flakes o'er meadow, mount and hill,
We'll cheer us to think their song is heard in many fragrant bowers,
Far in a sunny, Southern land, amid its vines and flowers.

Sing on! To all who love thee there,
Make bright their homes as ours,
But come again to gladden us
With Spring's first balmy hours.
Then every heart that listens
Will join the happy strain:
"God bless the dear old robins,
Who have come back again!"

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER VI.

Then keep each passion down, however dear.—THOMPSON.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—BYRON.

The little dinner at the hotel went off splendidly. The table with its dessert was drawn up to the open window, and, while trifling with the delicious wines and fruits, Ellen Temple and Francis Hopetown sat together, watching the lazy craft on the silent river, drifting on tardily into the coming dusk, as the hardy lightermen drift on through life.

Love is seldom, if ever, so eloquent as when silent, and in silence Ellen enjoyed this blissful little love-dream, listening with pleasurable eagerness to all that Frank told her; and if she sighed, it was only when she remembered Charles Ruhl, and thought that this might be her last meeting with Francis. How could she hope otherwise after what he had told her? The barrier between them, apart from his position, prevented her being his wife.

When these reflections came upon her, they threw a deeper shade upon her sweet face than did the gathering shadows of dusky twilight. Hopetown saw the sadness and wondered at its cause.

"Are you tired already?" she asked tenderly. "Tired of me and this place, or is it all so very monotonous?"

Miss Temple looked at him, and her lustrous eyes flashed a glance of reproach.

"Surely you cannot do me such an injustice as to think that!" she said. "Such pleasure as this should not be monotonous, since I have so little of it. I fear that the reflection that this cannot last caused a sigh of regret."

"Cannot last!" said Frank. "Why not, Ellen?"

"Because no good can come of it. Were I your social equal, I should be permitted then to retain your friendship, my home would be open to you, the world would think nothing of our companionship; but as it is, there is even a greater barrier than your wealth, or rather my poverty, between us."

"Your poverty!" questioned Frank, with a most ingenuous smile. "I should scarcely think of calling the mere absence of fortune, in one so rich in nature's gifts as you are, poverty. If I had ever been your intention to give your priceless love to anyone who had not the worldly wealth to nourish you as you deserve, I simply consider the intention as an injustice to yourself and to those who have expended so much time and labor of love in cultivating the lovely human flower entrusted to their care by the great Master of flowers. If were little less than sacrilege that you should be allied to him who has only love, with heart-chilling misery of poverty awaiting like a spectre—a blight in the background. Do not smile, Ellen. I am earnest, if my language is not in accordance with this matter-of-fact, hollow age, wherein all I shall ever expect to find in a cottage is very well of—the love might last with the lingering life, but existence could only be a mockery; to me, as it should be with others, the only purpose of wealth would be to purchase the happiness of one such as you."

"Yet the sentiment of the time is that money should beget money."

"With sor lid speculators. Not when one wishes to purchase the unsullied love of a good and talented woman. No, Ellen, we must meet again. In time this clandestine companionship shall cease, and you shall acknowledge me as your friend before the world. I could not give up this pleasure now, I would rather sacrifice my fortune. Have faith in me; I shall never betray your trust, never!"

"I believe you, Frank. I feel that I can trust you."

They were standing up now, side by side, he with his arm round her slender waist, her left hand clasped in his, both still gazing on the darkling river, the end of those blissful hours drawing nigh.

"You will," he said tenderly, "see me again? You will, if anything should happen? Should anything come of that unfortunate meeting to-day in the park, let me know. You will promise to see me, if only once more? Tell me, dearest Ellen. Answer, my darling. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, my pet, for that. Thank you. Time will show how sincere I am, how pure and honorable my great love for you is."

"I cannot doubt you, Frank."

"Do not, darling; for at least never shall have cause to. I see you are anxious to be gone. How grateful I am for this day's unalloyed happiness! How much happier and better I feel. How much purpose I seem to have in life! O Ellen! may the time come when I can call you mine, and then, indeed, I shall think Heaven has blessed me. Ellen, do not think me hasty as a brother, a dear friend or relation, may I ——"

He faced her and moved his stately head; his attitude and his eyes, in mute eloquence, solicited the boon—a kiss. Ellen could not refuse him. She went pale and red by turns—her whole frame thrilled as his touched hers.

"Oh, let us go, Frank, this must not go on," and she broke away from him and buried her face in her handkerchief to hide her blushes and her tears.

Twenty minutes later, and they were on the road to London. Hopetown's splendid, thoroughbred little horses, refreshed after their rest, covered the ground at a splendid pace. Darkness had set in, and the street-lamps glimmered along the roadside. London was a blaze of light, a world of life and motion, its din of traffic a Babel, when they reached it. Wealth and beauty, strangely intermixed with poverty, sin and distress, were around them at every turn.

It was the opera-season, and when they reached Piccadilly the coachman had to slacken the horses' speed. The road way was crowded with magnificent equipages of all descriptions and grades of grandeur. The houses and shops were ablaze with light, the carriage-lamps threw their flitting, quickening rays over the great highway, lending a brilliancy to the scene which, now that Ellen was amongst the luxurious, seemed a sort of fairy-land by night.

Mr. Hopetown was lively, full of animation and hospitality. Her love of his equine experience abroad, dropping in here and there an amusing anecdote, made doubly interesting by his having been personally mixed up with them.

Most delightful of all, he pointed out several occupants in the most distinguished vehicles with which he was on friendly and formal visiting terms. Some were males, most were females, who, amidst the lurid gleam of the flitting lights, sparkling jewels, and clouds of gauze, satin, muslins, and the rest of it, looked perfectly dazzling, and Ellen said so, wondering at the same time how Mr. Hopetown could estrange himself from so much beauty and grandeur for her who, whatever she might have been, was now in the eyes of the world only a milliner's employe.

"You think them as beautiful and dazzling as they seem, do you not?" asked Mr. Hopetown with an amused smile.

"I must do so, or doubt my own eyes."

"No; do not doubt your eyes, but rather the appearances which deceive them. Not one in twenty of the apparent beauties you behold will bear inspection by the light of day. Take away the jewels, wipe off the paint and powder, remove the artistically arranged false hair, and women apparently thirty years of age become fifty, blondes of forty are transformed to sixty-five, smiles fade into wrinkles, blushes no longer exist, and the eyes that sparkle to-night weep for the lost years and pleasures they have wasted, because they have no greater trouble to weep for."

"Oh, but they cannot all be like that," said Ellen.

"Not all; but freshness and beauty are a very small percentage of the upper ten, as they are called. I, as one who has been brought up amongst them, can safely assert that the most careworn, unhappy-faced, wan-looking women of our clime belong to the aristocracy, and amongst the best of them, too. I don't care who laughs at the assertion. Let any unprejudiced person, with an ordinary share of perception, spend a few afternoons in the park when the park is crowded, and judge for himself."

"Then if we do not find all that is good and beautiful amongst these people, where is it to be found?"

"Not here. This a gilded age, Ellen. Fashion has usurped pleasure, and what seems to be only folly is too sadly often vice. It is an unreal world. At a play or the opera natural emotion is checked because it is voted vulgar. Custom teaches a lifeless self-control over all the better and softer feelings of the human heart—in public at least. Society goes to the opera or play as a duty, not to be amused as a playgoer, but to turn critic. We have golden-haired critics of seventeen, and dark-eyed cynics of twenty."

"Then my dream of the world is broken!" sighed Ellen.

"There are exceptions," Mr. Hopetown charitably observed. "Fashionable high life means simply a large sect of the wealthy, who in all things sit, speak, and move alike in the same groove, like so many puppets, morally worked by the leading-strings of a code entirely their own."

"How hateful!"

"An opinion I have entertained since I was fifteen," Mr. Hopetown laughed.

The carriage had reached Westminster Bridge by this time. Francis intended to drive Ellen within a few minutes' walk of her home. The noise and glare of the Westminster-bridge Road were greater than that of Piccadilly, and much more unpleasant.

Piccadilly was at least exempt from the howlings of a legion of fruit and other itinerant vendors, from the coarse laughter and ribald jokes of the idling or pleasure-making "roughs." Here, too, the untidy shopboy, with a bad cigar in mouth, or sheltered behind a huge meerschaum pipe, and in gaudy attire, pitifully aped the reckless young men of the West-end, and went as rapidly to ruin by this more unwholesome and shameless road, clinging to squalid ruin in their own ignorant way, and not seeing a distinction or a difference between their way and the way of those who, if they sinned, sinned decently. Hopetown leaned back and closed his eyes.

"When I come amongst these people," he said, "it makes me think better of my own class. Thank Heaven, they ape no one but themselves, and they are clean. They do speak as if the English possessed a language, and their vices are luxuries. There is nothing but rudeness, untidiness, horrible slang, cant phrases, and foul tobacco here. Let us shut the windows."

Ellen smiled, but the smile faded as the brougham dashed down the Kensington Road. She was near enough to home now to begin to feel the dread of meeting her mother and Charles Ruhl. Something suggested to her that there would be a storm, and, though strong in the knowledge of her own innocence of any wrong, she feared a scolding, never having been subjected to one since she was old enough to remember. Mr. Hopetown wished her a very tender good-bye, and exacted a promise that she would see him again. The appointment was made for the following Thursday, and then, as the carriage rolled away, the lustre of to-day's dream began to fade, and with faltering steps Ellen approached the dull old house.

She knocked very gently, and the mite kept in place of a servant opened the door. When Ellen entered the parlor she found her mother seated at work, and Amy with her elbows on the table, her chin resting in her hands, and her eyes scanning the pages of a book. Both mother and sister looked up in surprise.

"Where is Charles?"

"Has he not come home, mamma?" said Ellen, a sickening fear that something had happened taking possession of her.

"No. I did not expect that you would be out till nearly eleven o'clock, and then come home without him," said Mrs. Temple, with a white and stern face. "Some explanation is necessary, Ellen. Take your hat and jacket off. You, Amy, may be off to bed; I must speak to your sister in private."

CHAPTER VII.

Perverse mankind; whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree.
All to the doaming gods their guilt translate.
And follies are miscalled the crimes of fate.—POPE.

Half the dread that Ellen would have had at the prospect of a scene was deadened by the grave alarm she felt concerning Charles Ruhl. A painful sense of guiltiness crept upon her, as if she had perpetrated some undiscovered crime. Had she known the cause of Ruhl's absence, her mind would have been at rest. He had not gone home when the carriage drove away, nor did he leave the park. For a moment or so he had stood with his hands pressed to his forehead, then he paced after the carriage like one whose mind has suddenly become a blank. The day's suffering racked his heart to its core. Love in its tenderer blossom, and soon withers beneath the blighting chill of cold indifference.

Charles Ruhl felt as if a blight had fallen upon him, a sickening sense of loneliness that made his aching heart heave. At one moment he could have knelt and wept, and the next, when passion held its sway and brought back his strength, he could have committed murder. But he did neither.

"It is a foolish infatuation of hers," he said, inwardly. "Why should I despair? She is led away, flattered by his friendship, his carriages and lavish waste of money. When she learns his purpose she will spurn him. I know enough of human nature to stake my honor on Ellen's great pride keeping her safe. But wait until my turn comes; it must and shall one day."

Then he fell to brooding while he walked slowly along the Serpentine path. The beauty of the day, of the park, the life and light upon this miniature river, were all lost upon him. Presently, however, he woke up and gave his shoulders a shake like one who has been slumbering unawares. Then he went back to the dingy boat-house, and then, seeing three or four watermen, clean and tidy, everything about them spick and span, seated on a bench outside, he asked if he could be rowed across.

"Yes, sir," said one. "Will you take the gent, Mr. Butcher?"

"Aye," answered a slender man, whose face was furrowed with long years of honest labor, and who was evidently older than he looked. "Will you wait, sir, for others to come, or ——"

"No, thanks," said Charles, who was in no mood to consider whether he paid a penny or a shilling. "Take me at once."

In the boat he fell again into moody thought, and when he landed he cut across the park to the passage by the side of Knightsbridge Barracks, and thence into Knightsbridge. His destination was not far distant, one of the most silent taverns, where a portion of a polished mahogany counter was set aside and sheltered with glass, screened from the rest for the better-class customers. Charles Ruhl entered hastily, and-water, and then took a cigar from his cigar-case and lit it. When he lifted the glass to his lips, he stayed his hand for a moment to see if it was steady. It trembled slightly, and he smiled curiously.

For nearly an hour he sat there on a cushioned seat, with his glass in hand, and the paper and latter refilled whenever it was empty, and in that hour he drank something like a pint of brandy. But it did not show itself. His wonted color had come back, and there was a little more brilliancy in his eyes; beyond that there was no change in him. Restless beyond control, the life of the palace of seductive joy, he strolled back into the park and along the Serpentine path again. Perhaps he had some idea that Ellen would drive back here again. A great smoker always, he kept lighting a fresh cigar as soon as one was smoked out.

Sauntering on towards the Kensington Bridge, he suddenly became aware of the presence of an individual who, with a closed book in his left hand, bent head and lazy steps, was wandering in a listless, purposeless sort of way by the water's edge. He was a young man of twenty-eight or thirty years or so—he might have been more or less—nearly six feet high, with a light-brown beard and moustache and straight hair a shade lighter. His face, neck and hands had the sun-tint of travel, and his deportment was that of a gentleman, but a threadbare one. His clothes were in the last stage of respectability. How many brushes and how worn out he alone could tell. His linen was singularly clean, a little frayed at the cuffs though, and his slender boots blackened until they were like ebony mirrors, if there are such things. He had a hungry, dejected way of looking about him, want had already stamped its sallow lines upon his cheeks, and hunger glanced from his large brown eyes, with the black rings around them.

Sorrow creates a strange sympathy between even the greatest strangers. We think it was the Prince of Orange who, when he risked his own life to save that of a fisherboy who had fallen into the water, afterwards explained, when asked why he did it:

"As the wind was behind, and the boy fell into the water, I felt as much interest to save him as if he had been my brother."

So it was with Charles Ruhl; the moment he beheld this forlorn being he experienced the most tender compassion for him, and at a short distance followed or rather accompanied him in his lonely saunter, until the stranger turned and stared at him in his listless, hungry way. Charles Ruhl uttered a cry of surprise and recognition and approached him. A sudden light of intense joy lit up the stranger's face.

"Good Heavens, Congreve, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Ruhl; Heaven help me, nothing. But I am overjoyed to see you, old friend."

"But what has been the matter? What are you now?"

"A social spectre, dear friend," replied Mr. Congreve, with a hollow laugh; "a walking death, a soulless body, a creature without home or friends, a thing to be shunned by all who know me, an animal suspected by landlords and landladies, a tradesman's ghost—in a word, a man without money."

"But how long has this been?"

"Four months," answered Mr. Congreve, and his internal moanings told too plainly how long nature had been craving for its natural nourishment. "Ruhl, I have been plain with you. If you shun and desert me afterwards, as others have done—shun me as a pestilence whenever I come in sight—I implore you, for Heaven's sake, to give me the price of a dinner to keep body and soul together."

"Why, Dan, old fellow, my poor old friend," said Ruhl, with a choking gulp in his throat, "come along with me. Why did you not hant me up before? Here, old fellow, put this into your pocket to start with; it will make you feel more at home with me."

He slid a sovereign into Mr. Congreve's brown hands, and blinding tears started to the recipient's hungry-looking eyes. Charles Ruhl took his arm and led him away.

"I hope you will never want it, Ruhl," he said, choking down an emotion that was no disgrace to his manhood. "I hope you will never suffer what I have suffered; but then you never will, because you never could be the thoughtless spendthrift I have been."

"But you, I thought, had dropped in for a good thing when you became traveling manager of that Anglo-French Barter and Freighting Company?"

"So I did. But it collapsed, Charley, old boy, and left me worse off than ever. I really had believed the affair to be genuine, instead of which it was one of the most rascally, moneyless frauds I ever came across, and I was a mere tool in the hands of the crafty Frenchmen who were at the head of it. When I came back to England, nearly five months ago, I had not a ten-pound note left. I could not go to the old lady again since my father's death. She has been pushed too hard for money. No one knew until his death how heavily our estate was mortgaged. If he had taken me into his confidence, I should have been less improvident at college. Give me a cigar, old fellow—it will stop this dreadful internal gnawing. Thanks. Heavens, what I have suffered! Those who don't know from practical experience would never understand what I have gone through. To know that I had friends and relations, and yet could not find it in my heart to go to them. I did at first, but I can assure you they received me like a spectre. Conversation has been hushed, laughter ceases, and even children stop in their innocent mirth and stare up at my long, miserable face, as if I carried a gloom about with me that palsied the hearts and the minds of those who away from my presence could be happy. I could fill a volume with my painful experiences since I have been a social spectre."

"You should have thought of me, Brin."

Mr. Brinsley Congreve laughed bitterly.

"All the world knows you are rich, and so since I have been moneyless, old fellow, that I thought it would have changed you too, and I grew so heartsick of petty acts of charity when I had a right to expect help and kindness, that I fully made up my mind to slink about with my book, doing a little law-copying to pay for food and lodging until you came to the last chapter came; and if you had not turned up, Charley, it would not have been far off. Fate was rapidly reaching the climax, and, to tell the truth, I felt a sort of happy resignation."

"You could not give up your book even in this trouble," said Ruhl, with a smile.

"No; there are only two real refuges from despair to a man in great trouble—sleep and reading. What is it Cicero says on the subject? 'The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying or retirement,' and I don't think anyone will dispute Cicero; if they will, they'd better go and try it," concluded Mr. Congreve with a smile and a bantering air that showed a latent gayety that lay only slumbering while his misery lasted.

"You are still good at quotations," laughed Ruhl.

"Yes; it's a singular fact, but since I have been in great want my memory has, if anything, improved. I have gone over the old days at college, at home, with friends, repursued my studies and recalled the conversations of those who were long since dead, as well as the time of the living."

"You really lived more in the past than in the present."

"Exactly. I only awake to the present, as one would to physical pain, at intervals. The future and the present, too, seemed to have drifted back, or rather there seemed to be no future at all. I was living the past over again, only in a spectre-like, silent way. Persons came back to me vividly, but without substance, conversations without sound. I moved and had my being amongst all the memories of the past in the same silent, spectre-like way, and it was not without its painful sense of nameless pleasure."

"I should think," said Ruhl, reflectively, "the feeling you are describing must be such as comes upon a person who slowly succumbs to death by starvation."

"Exactly so. All sense of pain is past. The heart only beats in fond recollection of the past your soul is dwelling in. The brain seems to have the power to make the grim wants of the present visible to you. Matter has succumbed to mind, and you are passing away in a tranquil dream."

"Great Heavens, Congreve, you talk as if you had gone down to that dreadful stage of want."

"So I have, Ruhl. Two days and two-eight hours without food, and then my last morsel had been three pennyworth of spiced beef, a pennyworth of bread, and the same amount of beer. I lay on my bed past food—past the craving for it. Now and then I took a sip of water. I could no longer read, I lay awake and lived in the past. I fell asleep again, and when I slept I dreamed of all the good things of life, of riches and plenty. I should have remained there and gone off so. But my landlady, good soul! took it into her head that I was ill. She came to me, shrewdly remarked that it was not a doctor I wanted, left me again and returned with some weak brandy-and-water and sixpennyworth of jelly from the confectioner's. She had put some beef-tea on, she said; and so she had. I was out and strong in four days, and then, for her sake, I hunted up the lawyers for copying. But I get very little of it—very little."

"Look here, old fellow," said Ruhl, his slight German accent more marked, as it always was when under the influence of emotion, "if you say any more till you have dined I shall do something desperate. What patience, what suffering! Poor Brin!"

"Never mind, old fellow; a little help and I shall forge ahead. But you seem to have some day—all the others have had their turn."

"Ah!" sighed Ruhl. "I have been waiting and watching for mine, but it hasn't come yet."

They emerged now into Knightsbridge. Ruhl hailed a hansom and ordered it to drive to the Goldencross Hotel, Haymarket.

"No, old fellow," said Mr. Brinsley Congreve, "don't do that; let me have time to dwell joyfully in anticipation of what is coming. I never thought life was so much worth struggling for as now. O cruel Fate! I can forgive these now for all my suffering."

CHAPTER VIII.

I hear thee. This my reply. White'er
That my fate brings, I will not doff, rest between
Heaven and myself.—MANFRED.

An exquisite sense of pleasure came over Charles Ruhl when he sat watching poor Congreve dine. He partook of little or nothing himself, but drank deeply. Congreve, on the contrary, commenced on the viands simply ravenously, with head bent down, and hungry eyes fixed upon his plate. Not a word did he utter, and Ruhl enjoyed the sight in silence.

As fresh courses came in, his friend became less wolfishly intent upon the food. He paused to sigh happily, and even looked round to favor his benefactor with a smile. Nearly an hour elapsed before he pushed his plate from him, and shook his head at the waiter when that individual made fond inquiries whether the gentleman would like anything more—a little dessert, perhaps?

"No," said Mr. Brinsley Congreve, speaking in a deep, decisive voice, and glancing fearlessly around. "Is there a smoking-room here?"

The waiter said there was. They finished up their dinner-wine, and followed him to where they could enjoy the quiet ease of a big cushioned seat in a quiet corner near the window, and a big cigar. Comparatively alone now, for the other occupants of the room sat at isolated tables, both Ruhl and his friend showed a disposition to talk freely. There is no better time to do so than over wine and cigars.

"You have not been home for some time?" asked Mr. Ruhl, looking hard at his friend, and noting how great was the change in him since he had been so revived.

"I have in reality no home to go to," answered Mr. Congreve sadly. "Mrs. Congreve never thoroughly recovered from the shock of my father's death. Her mind is a blank. She knows no one but me and her maiden sister, who is her keeper. The estate is in Chancery, and will be until my father's debts are paid and the mortgage settled. Enough is allowed out of it for my mother's support, nothing more."

"A sad state of things for you, old fellow. I suppose you feel the loss of John Hopetown very much, do you not?"

"Yes; he was always good to me, both at college and after. I cannot possibly imagine why he quarreled with his father and disappeared as he did."

"A miserable mesalliance, nothing more. Was it not rather singular that you, as a relation—a distant one, true, but still a relation—should not have come in for a portion out of the different properties? Thus Craythorpe went to young Francis, John Hopetown's fortune, in default of his son having turned up, also to Francis."

"I know it was my father's fault. He behaved badly, I believe, and both Craythorpe and the Hopetowns cut him; and then, again, when I was wrecked off Yokohama I was despaired of as lost."

"That may account for it, truly. Why have you not hunted up young Hopetown?"

"Frankly, I knew very little of him. He was a boy when John and I chummed together. When a man is down and got the heartache, he only gets it worse by hunting up his rich relations. If you want anything, they don't want you."

"Weren't you and John very much alike?" Charles Ruhl asked, and anyone might have thought that he had a deeper motive than mere curiosity in the question. He took from his pocket as he spoke a vignette photograph, and glanced from that to Congreve.

"Very. Same height and build, and I am getting near-sighted, like he used to be."

"Did you ever hear what became of him at all?"

"Only that he had gone for a large tea firm. That was in '66. Whether he ever left or perished there, is not known."

"That's just where the link is lost," said Charles Ruhl, pushing the photo back into his pocket; "you have fallen away of late, have you not?"

"Lost sight of, old fellow."

"I thought so. I should like to see, old fellow, how you look in specs. Put mine on. You haven't any glasses of your own?"

"No," laughed Congreve. "What a whim! Hand them over, then. There!"

Ruhl regarded him very thoughtfully for a few moments, reflectively knocked the ash from his cigar, and as reflectively observed:

"Yes; they make you still more like the lost John Hopetown," stretching out his hand for the glasses. "By the way, I suppose you have heard how that young rascal is going on? Fine class of young Frank. It seems a disgrace that such wealth should have fallen into his hands. There is one thing to be said, should John return he can claim half the fortune; and should Frank die, or become dead in law—and madness is in the family—John would take all. Nearly a million, Great Heavens!" and Ruhl leaned back in his seat, and wiped his face with his handkerchief as if he felt hot.

"Yes, it was a shame," said Congreve with a smile. "They might have left me a little. I am only something like a forty-ninth cousin. No matter. A namesake of mine has written 'nature to each allots his proper sphere.'"

"But it is not your proper sphere."

"My dear soul, Cowper says 'Riches have wings, and grandeur is a drama. So say I. But now, old fellow, you have heard my tale of woe, have appeased my wants, have presented me with a gift which at this moment seems like the riches of Peru, till me of yourself. How hast thou fared in thy wanderings?"

"Well. I have found a home at last, with a family brought down in circumstances, but of gentle blood and good breeding. I have been happy till lately, and now I almost wish I had remained in my forlorn, lonely state. No matter, I am still with Saxon, Coburg & Co. I have worked on with but one purpose, and it will be fulfilled yet."

"Bah, my friend! why all this toil for the triumph of an hour? Let me see, whose line is that? Is it not Byron or Young? No; it's Young. Ay, it is the way, there is a line of Dr. Johnson's which rhymes with that—'Life's a short Summer, man's a flower.' My memory improves. Heavens! how gay we are when not hungry. Why should I not be gay? for 'Live how we can, die we must.' I think that emanates from Shakespeare, William. Well, well, life is a strange world; for three years I have chiefly lived on light literature and sleep; to-day I was contemplating sleeping myself out of the world, and this evening I am happy, enviously happy, with an old and really true friend before me, and a sovereign in my pocket. Ah, excuse me if I look at it, won't you? If ever I grow rich I will have one framed in memory of these days."

The reckless gayety of his nature began to peep forth as it ever had done. Ruhl knew him well. While the sovereign lasted he would have no thought or care for what would come after, and even in his most miserable mode he had a grim kind of gayety.

"I shall be merry for a day, and then I must look out for a repetition of light literature and lighter diet."

"Why should you? What stands in your way now? I suppose your connection with that Anglo-French Barter Company stands in your light chiefly, does it not?"

"Yes; though, on my word, no one was a greater victim than I."

"My dear Brin, strike out a new path, begin life anew, take another name and take a new start with it."

"Happy thought, that, dear old wise one. What's in a name? Much sometimes, much that does harm or good. I never thought of that myself. Why should I not? What is it to anyone but myself who I am? I will begin life again, and the past, my past, shall rest between me and Heaven."

"If you will do so I will get you a birth, old fellow, traveling agent for our firm; they are sadly in want of someone to keep up personal communication with the foreign branches of the house."

"Could you do it, Ruhl?

"Yes, and more too. They cannot do without me now; I have worked for them night and day, and now I am the ruling power of the firm. Do as I wish, and you need not fear. I will give you an introduction to my tailor and a few pounds. I am quite able to advance you a few pounds, so consider the matter settled. Let us stroll back for a little while."

The wine was finished, and Ruhl paid the bill. He stood up as cool and steady and straight-laced as ever; his hair was unruffled, his face as white as ever, and yet he had drank so deeply that some men, most men, would have succumbed beneath its influence. They went back to the park, Congreve became his friend went there, Ruhl with some vague hope of meeting Ellen. It was getting dark. The drive was silent and deserted; now and then the glimmer of lamps of a carriage passing through the Marble Arch to Hyde-park Corner showed through the trees.

The tiny river was deserted, the boats moored out in the centre and the boathouse closed for the night. Still Ruhl did not despair. He went once more over the same ground, along the Serpentine path towards Kensington Bridge, walking slowly, loitering in fact, and still in conversation with Congreve, listening mechanically, but in reality deep in thought. Mr. Congreve thought that they might have found a more cheerful spot to promenade in, but he said nothing. The time and place evidently accorded with the tone of Ruhl's mind, and, mentally using a quotation that fitted the case, he loitered on with him.

They had almost reached the bridge. Its gloomy little arches threw their deep shadow in their path, and the starlit water rippled at their feet. Still Congreve talked on, and Ruhl, appearing to listen, brooded.

"Hullo, Ruhl, what's that?" cried out Brinsley.

Something, a large, heavy body, had fallen or been thrown into the water. Both young men stared about them, but nothing could be seen, not a ripple more than had been.

"Some of the ducks, perhaps, taken fright," said Ruhl, "or flown from the other side of the bridge."

"Not it. I shouldn't think it was anyone jumped in, would you?"

"We must have seen them. There is no access to the bridge so late as this, and anyone on the pathway must have attracted our attention."

"It was strange. Ha! Ruhl, I tell you it is. Look there! I see clothes on the bank!"

In a moment Congreve had rushed forward, had torn off his coat, vest, and hat and was trying hard to see by the ripples on the water where the person had gone in; there were a coat, vest, and hat on the shore. On the crown of the hat was something white. Ruhl, bending over it, said that it was a letter.

"Well, here goes. Somebody's in, and if I can't see them, I'll feel," said Congreve.

"What would you do, man?" cried Ruhl.

"My duty, Charley, the duty of every man," and with that he plunged in.

While he was swimming about, diving here and there and coming to the surface to look round, Charles Ruhl's curiosity got the better of him in spite of the anxiety of the moment, and he struck a wax match that he might see to whom the letter was addressed. The first glance caused him to utter a cry, and he instinctively clutched the letter. It was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Hopetown, Grosvenor square, or per favor of Messrs. Saxon, Coburg & Co. In an instant, and without knowing what impelled him to the act, Ruhl had searched the pockets of the coat and vest. He found a pocketbook with a name written inside it, a gold watch bearing the initials of that name, and several letters.

"Ruhl!"

He started as if he had received a shock, so intent had he been; so strangely was he affected that the voice, coming as it did from the dark, still waters, sounded sepulchral and unreal, and he did not recognize it until he remembered that Congreve had gone in search of him.

"Well?"

"Can you see anything?"

"No."

"Nor I. I must come ashore, I am exhausted," and Congreve swam to the bank and Ruhl helped him up.

Perhaps it was the excitement of the moment, perhaps because he thought them better clothes, but Charles Ruhl slipped on his friend's shoulders the suicide's vest and coat, and gave him the dead man's hat. Strangely enough, they fitted him.

"Come," said Ruhl, "let us fetch assistance from the people at the receiving-house. Let us be quick, or you will catch cold."

In the light of the receiving-house Congreve recognized that the coat was not his. He was about to make the remark, when Ruhl stopped him.

"Hush," he said in German. "Let them know it and they will suspect us of foul play or robbery," and he shuddered at the idea of losing so misjudged,

TO BE CONTINUED.

I'VE WANDERED IN THE TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY G. B. HARCOURT.

I've wandered in the twilight
Of Autumn's dewy hour
With her I love the dearest,
My pretty forest flower:
I've felt the blissful rapture
Which springs from converse sweet,
When hearts beat fondly,
In love's communion meet.

I've wander'd in the twilight
In sad and pensive mood;
But all was changed to gladness
When she my path intrud.
We wander'd in the twilight,
And ev'ry bliss was mine,
When, in low, loving accents,
She whisper'd, "I am thine."

Washburn's Last Sensation, Allentown.

THE ACTRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CHAS. E. NEWTON.

The heavy curtains were closely drawn, excluding the glaring rays of the July sun from the richly furnished apartment where a man in the prime of life lay upon a bed of sickness. The attendant moved with noiseless tread over the soft velvet carpet, and the occasional rattle of a passing vehicle, or the merry laughter of romping children in the street below, were the only sounds, save the irregular and difficult breathing of the sufferer, that broke the monotonous stillness of the sick-room. With a low moan of pain the sick man awoke from his uneasy slumber, as a servant quietly entered the room, and in a low voice said to the nurse: "Mr. Montgomery is below, and wishes to know how Mr. Thurston is this morning."

As the words of the domestic reached the sick man's ear, he turned, and, before the nurse could give utterance to his objections, said:

"Montgomery! Let him come up. I wish to speak with him."

"But ——" ventured the nurse.

"Let him come up, I say," commanded the sick man imperatively.

The servant left the room, and the nurse, with an air of injured importance, resumed his seat. The door again opened, and a gentleman entered the apartment. The sick man with difficulty raised his head from the pillow and said: "I am glad you have come, Walter. I have been wanting so much to see you on business—private business;" and, turning toward the nurse, he continued: "I wish to speak to Mr. Montgomery alone." The nurse arose and withdrew, and the sick man resumed: "Be seated, Walter." And his visitor sank into a comfortable easy-chair beside the bed. "I have a request to make of you. You will comply with it?"

"Certainly," replied the other. "Name it."

"You have been my friend for years; yet through this long term of friendship I have kept hidden in my breast a secret, the weight of which has made my life a curse. My friend, my hours are numbered. To-morrow, when the hands of the clock shall have reached the hour of noon, my soul will be in the presence of its Maker."

"Pshaw!" broke in Montgomery; "this is imagination—nervousness. Surely, you are in a fair way of recovery."

"I know my condition," replied Thurston. "I had a presentiment last night," and he shuddered; then after a moment's silence continued: "But my secret! I must not die without disclosing that. You say that you will comply with my request. Remember, you ranged that the young man should try it on right away. Madden got his fiddle and the crowd went over to Hollenbeck's. The dog was called into the kitchen, and then the crowd slipped out, one by one, leaving Madden alone. "Crossed Terror"—such is the canine's name—didn't know what to think of the proceedings, and he sat up and gave Madden a look in which border ruffianism, inquiry, deceit and astonishment were about equally mingled. The fiddle was poised and the young man commenced fiddling a sad tune, something like "Mother is Dead." The dog rose up at the first note and bent an earnest look on the fiddle. He had probably never seen a fiddle before, and he was in doubt as to whether it was a new kind of dog or an infernal machine. As the tune began to draw out longer and longer, *Cross-eyed Terror* took a step forward and gave utterance to a growl which made Madden tremble. Madden looked fixedly at the animal, and sawed away until it became evident that he hadn't better keep that tune much longer, and he changed off on to something lively. The dog's bristles rose up and his eyes assumed a hungry look. The young man changed to a clear, and the dog came a little nearer, and his under lip fell down like the end-board of a coal cart. A man who was looking through the keyhole of the door remarked that he wouldn't be in there for forty million dollars, and the excited whispers of the crowd seemed to excite the dog. He uttered several more growls, and in his own language inquired: "What do you take me for, anyway?" Madden had faith, and he struck up "The Green Shores of Ireland." He hadn't even cited the "green shores" before Cross-eyed Terror had hold of him by the hip and gave him a scientific toss. Next moment fiddle and dog and howl and growl were all mixed up together. Madden shouted for the crowd to rush in, and the dog growled out that that was a private co-

tillion, with no admission for outsiders. The young man lived about a year and a half in less than a minute. He went over the stove with a whoop, around the table with a yell, and felt his coat-tails go off as he stopped for an instant to raise the window-sash. The crowd rushed in as soon as they understood what was going on. They found Madden lying on his face, and the dog was trying to get a hold somewhere, so that he could lift him up and administer the "terrier shake." They pounded the canine with a chair, kicked his ribs, and yelled for him to let go, and finally they had to throw a pail of cold water over him. Mr. Madden could hardly get up, and, when once up, he couldn't sit down. He had bites all over him, and a few thrown in "to boot," and the largest piece of his valuable fiddle was just the size of an Arizona toothpick. The doctor is still putting plasters on him; and, as fast as he thinks he has got the bites all plastered, he turns the patient over and finds two or three more. A hand-organ or a horse-fiddle may "soothe the savage breast," but a violin won't, and all Sixth street will bet on it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE TWO "PASTORS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY GEORGE WARE, BUFFO VOCALIST.

We have two Pastors in New York,
And both are good at teaching,
In different ways they do their work,
With different styles of preaching
One Pastor draws an audience
To hear his short oration;
The other one, His Reverence,
He draws a congregation.

One Pastor he is all the rage,
His prayers they are so winning,
They pay their stamps to this great sage,
And he prays for their sinning.
The other Pastor's all the rage,
But gets his stamps by singing
The comic song, upon the stage—
His ways are just as winning.

And the ladies, they admire both—
Oh, would I were a Pastor!
To enjoy myself I'd not be loth—
I'd quickly shoot my castor.
Yes, Pastor Tony he makes fun,
Still he's a public teacher;
But there's no such fun in t'other one—
I mean in Pastor Beecher.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

WHITE'S MELODEON, IN THE BOWERY.

We present our readers with a view of the first melodeon ever opened in this city, and a picture of the second edifice, which was erected upon the site of the first, which had been destroyed by fire. The second building, No. 49 Bowery, is still standing. Before describing the performances at the Melodeon, we may state that Charles White, the veteran Ethiopian comedian, first opened a place of similar amusement in the second story of a building at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The first floor was then occupied by Tiffany, Young & Ellis as a jewelry store, the basement by Mr. Chickering as a restaurant, and the upper floor by Charles F

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department, to answer by mail.

"PARTIAL PAYMENTS."—The rule most frequently used is that known as the United States, and adopted by the U. S. Supreme Court. It is in brief: Apply whatever payments may be made to the discharge of the interest then due, and the surplus, if any, to the discharge of the principal. The principal remains unaltered when the payment is less than the interest due at the time. The Connecticut rule (probably the same as the Vermont, you refer to) differs in this way: If a payment greater than the interest at the time due be made before the principal has been on interest one year, then the person making it is allowed interest on it to the end of the year. If settlement be made within one year, interest is allowed on the payments from the time they are made to the time of settlement. What is called the Merchants' Rule is this: First find interest on principal from time it becomes due to date of settlement, and add it to principal. Next find interest on each payment from time it was made to time of settlement, and add sum of the interest to sum of payments. Finally, deduct sum of payments and interest thereon from amount of principal and interest, and the difference will be the balance due.

C. S. P., Baltimore.—1. You are in error. The brig Hornet was lost off Tarpaulin, in 1822. It was not the schooner Hornet that was broken up at Norfolk, Va., in 1820. 2. At mouth of Columbia River, Oregon, July 18, 1841. Lieut. William L. Hudson commanded the U. S. Cutter Hornet, then commanded the Missouri. She was a sidewheeler, and was launched Jan. 8, 1841. 3. We drank it, and won the wager, but in less than ten minutes afterwards he was dead of apoplexy of the brain. Kingston, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1872. 5. Friday, Sept. 4, 1874. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875. 6. Have not the exact figures at hand, but will send some time in May, 1875. 7. The Grand Western was on exhibition here for a few days after her first arrival. She was a screw; the Great Britain a sidewheeler.

CHESTER, Pa.—If it was understood that the match was for stakes, that the claimants were to have a $25 interest, and if, again, it was not stipulated at the time that those claimants should have no interest in the forfeit, then they are entitled to one-fourth interest in the $75. It makes no difference whether a party declared "in" in a match for prizes a forfeit or the final deposit. He is entitled to a share either case, unless it has been expressly provided that he shall have no interest in the forfeit, or unless he is declared "in" as to the final deposit only.

INVESTIGATOR.—You can make nothing of your statement. It is a sheer logical improbability for a player to combine or to build "fours," and call it, without showing at once whether or not he has a four in hand. Perhaps you mean "four." In that case B could take it, whether A had a four in his hand or not. 2. There is but one remedy for cheating.—Strike at once from the game, and never again play with the cheater.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—Watch our dramatic summary for his whereabouts. 2. Born Dec. 11, 1845. 3. In her father's traveling company, playing Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1860. 4. $1 a night. 5. Managers do not pay for sending engravings and ballet bills for insertion in the business. They have to know their business thoroughly, and have some reputation before they can secure an engagement.

MUSIC HALL, New Haven.—1. Miss Lydia Thompson and her burlesque troupe made their American debut at Wood's Museum, in this city, acting in "Ixion," on Sept. 25, 1868. Their first engagement ended Jan. 23, 1869. 2. "The Black Crook" was first produced under the management of William Wheatley at Niblo's Garden; but Jarrett & Palmer were present at the 100th night, and at the performance amount expended upon its original production.

O. C. O.—1. Charles Francis Adams is not the son of John Adams, and has never been elected to any office. 2. Prosident of the United States. He is the son of John Quincy Adams, sixth President. 2. He was in the Massachusetts Legislature and Senate from 1858 to 1870, and for several years Minister to England in the last decade, and in this has served on the Geneva Award Commission.

ATHLETIC SPORT, Boston.—James Dickerson walked 106 hours without sleep, in California. 2. We have no authentic information concerning the greatest number of miles walked without stopping. 3. We know nothing about the records of that sort. 4. See our report from *The Boston Herald*, as stated at the time. Cushing's tanner ought to know more about it than the reporter.

CHICAGO.—1. Cushing's Manual contains much of the New Orleans steamers mentioned as we have a record of as follows: Eagle No. 7, 92x6; Tin. Creole No. 9, 311; 90x30. Mississippi No. 3, 1,000; 200x34. Bob Bradish stated that Crescent No. 24 threw 320ft 9in, but we have no official or reliable information regarding the matter consequently, we cannot place it upon record. 2. H. Phlaf.—1. Using the regular 56lb dumb-bell weight, it being customary to use weights. 2. The longest running jump on record is 29ft 7in. 3. No reliable record. At Belvidonia games last year, Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto, H. R. Harrison of Toronto is stated to have made a standing high jump of 5ft. 3in. but we believe they did not jump from level ground.

FLEETFOOT, Boston.—1, 2, 3. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will contain a record of best performances at various sports, races, &c., but will not publish records of pedestrians. 4. Write to Peck & Snyder, 102 Nassau street, this city, for a catalogue. 5. Capt. Barclay, when he walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, in England. 6. Not that we are aware of.

E. R, Tyrone, Pa.—The commercial rarity of violins of Antonio Straduarius' make renders it difficult to attach a specific value to each instrument. From the name in the instrument by this maker there is no doubt that a great price may be obtained; and they have been valued so highly, from $1,000 upward, during the past year, but most of them have fallen into the hands of wealthy amateurs.

C. M. P., Gratiot County.—1. Sleepy John's pedigree is among the things unfathomable, and we should not attempt the case ourselves to say what has become of him. Ben Mace had him last. 2. Chas. Freeman fought but one man, (Peer), and fought him on three different days, to decide that match. 3. Not that we are aware of. 4. See Ed. James, 38 Centre street. 4. Do you mean Cosette.

D. W., Buffalo.—1. The Academy reports were cut either because the size of the matter would not admit, or that it was an old one and had been frequently reviewed. 2. The St. James Hall reports always refer to companies who perform in those places in one week. Their route ahead is what we require.

GEORGE, Rochester.—Those bets cannot be decided until the other arguments, or any that may arise out of the case, are published. Thus far, to the extent of our observation, only what purports to be the official vote has appeared. We can say this, however, Tilden must have 40,000 over the vote of both Dix and Clark, for A to win.

M. J., Lancaster.—When spots are counted, three aces are reckoned as three. When rallies are thrown, three aces are reckoned as three. Suppose the throw is a tie, there is no numerical value, but will beat anything except three of a kind—that is, they will beat two sixes and a five, but not three sixes.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—If it was a partner game, B could be required to play the piece in penalty for having shown out possibly no his partner's hand, but in a single-handed game no piece can be called until it is manifestly played, and the player has removed his hand from it.

R. F., Portsmouth.—Your statement is not enough of a full understanding, or rather for the reason that C's proposition was made in the future tense (will win), when 45 had already won the turkey, the throwing having been completed. Throwing off the tie was no part of the bet, as Grant A need not have thrown off.

E. B. J., N. Attleboro.—1. The maiden name of the Queen of England is Alexandrina Victoria. 2. Her husband was Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (commonly called Prince Albert). 3. Edward & Stokes was sentenced to four years' imprisonment from Oct. 29, 1873.

T. W. W., Nashville.—Ceiling walking as originally performed was done with the hands, by carrying stickers. Then bands were suspended from the ceiling, and the performer placed his feet therein when in the act of walking. It has been done with hoops, etc.

NERO, Ashtabula.—1. Perhaps we shall. 2. Nobody. 3. That is a matter of opinion. All things considered, Tom Sayers was on good average. 4. Not in a race. In a long great difference in weight, no comparison can be made.

MUSIC OMNIUS, Detroit.—The Prince of Wales was in your city Sept. 20, 1860, and arrived in this Oct. 11 following. He was not in this country in 1859 or 1869, or in any other year than 1860. His brother, Prince Arthur, got as far into this country as Buffalo in 1869.

S. C., Charleston.—1. He can call "40 trumps" on the second draw, and "130 trumps" on the sixth, provided that in the interim he has not parted with either the ace, king or queen of trumps. 2. There is no joker in the legitimate game of euchre.

A. B. C., Greensburg.—There has never been any such rule as that. The eldest hand—that is, the player nearest the dealer on his left—scores game in the event of a tie, provided he is one of the tieing parties.

A READER.—The fastest time on the Derby is 2 43—by Kettledrum in 1861, and by Blair Athol in 1864. It is to be understood that this is not being recommended officially by the judge, who will not answer for deciding bets.

BARNUM'S HOTEL, Baltimore.—Junius Brutus Booth died on the steamboat J. W. Cheesworth, on Nov. 30, 1852, while on the passage from New Orleans, bound to Cincinnati, O.

L. Y., Milwaukee.—We know nothing of the piece you report, but a Dutch contributor wrote something similar for THE CLIPPER when Miss Bateman played Leah at Booth's Theatre.

S. H., Sacramento.—1. The rules say: "The game shall be forfeited through the failure of the umpire to discharge his duties. 2. Certainly not. If they leave the field, they forfeit the game.

FRANKLIN.—1. The usual branches necessary to acquire a good English education. 2. We cannot say. 3. It would depend entirely upon your aptitude for learning. The cost would be about $2 or $3 per lesson.

H. R., Titusville.—1. You win. The dealer cannot give out four cards at a time at euchre. 2. You win again. At euchre a player cannot call for his partner's best trump unless by mutual agreement.

J. W., Paterson.—It could utter nothing intelligible to a human being; but it would certainly say something that might be a bird or a pig. That is a rather profitless discussion, Joseph.

J. H. A.—1. It occurred during the week from Jan. 8 to 13 1866. 1864 was not remarkable in that line. 2. As to the twelve-year problem, call it at Hudnut's, as you are a New Yorker.

GUN SUBSCRIBER.—The cards being played, as we read your statement, 7, 2, 6, 4, 5, 3, 1, B, who played the ace, is entitled to a run of seven. If the case has not been fully described, write again.

J. L., Philadelphia.—"The Pacific B. B. C. challenged the Alpha to play a game of baseball on Friday. The Alpha could not possibly play on that day. Can the Pacific claim the game by a score of 9 to 0?".....No.

C. T. B., San Francisco.—1. 2 16⅔. 2. 9 wins. There is just this about it. If B measured the wall with the idea of proposing a bet with A, he was bound in honor to tell A he had measured it.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—B loses. The Great Eastern was made fast to the dock at the foot of Hammond street, N. R., lying broadside on, and was thus exhibited. Afterwards, for a short time, she lay out in the stream.

T. C., Dennison.—The coppered bet on the seven stands, as the turning of the blank card did not affect it, the bet having already been decided. After the blank was discovered, the cards were to be "backed out."

JUMPERS AND DICKS, Phila.—1. Prussia is Protestant mainly. 2. Austria is mainly Catholic. 3. Germany is composed of twenty-seven different States, and is largely Protestant.

SCRIBBLER.—1. He was so considered by many. 2. A Frenchman exhibited on that account, but was unsuccessful to perform tricks, in London, about 1866-7. 3. We think not.

MERRITT, Philadelphia.—We cannot spare the time to search our files for it. If you will inquire at the box-office of the theatre you name you will get the desired information.

T. W., Camden.—1. The distance is eight and a half miles from the Battery to Harlem Bridge. 2. The running time of the Third-avenue cars is just about one hour and twenty minutes between the Bridge and the City Hall.

PERSTEL, Providence.—He could "change his bet," for the reason that he had made none. As A would not take his word, it was no bet. The fifteen dollars put in the pot by B.

J. E. H., Pittsburg.—We have had no report of any the size being given in Natchez, and do not know the gentleman's whereabouts. A letter addressed to him in care of this office might elicit the information.

W. S., Brooklyn.—The distance from Whitehall to Staten Island, by direct ferry route to first landing, is about 6,400 yards; from the Battery to Harlem Bridge, eight and a half miles.

C. W., Edinburg.—1. Lady Thorn is by Mambrino Chief; her dam being by Gano, son of American Eclipse and Betsy Richards by Sir Archy. 2. 2:18¼.

STRATAGEM, Philadelphia.—A. The word "displode" is obsolete; hence, to vent, or discharge. It is from *dis* and *plaudo*, to break forth.

OCCIDENT, San Francisco.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is correct. 2. About 2:16¾. 3. Yes; and you win.

E. N. G., Hanover.—If you address a letter to him in care of the Head Quarters of the Army, St. Louis, Mo., it will be forwarded to him.

M. R. C., Washington.—No answers by mail. Her name is Fannie not Fannie, and at present she is living in retirement in Boston, Mass.

INQUIRER, Boston.—We believe he is performing in Canada. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

SPORTSMAN, Phila.—1. No one advertised them for that price. 2. The gyro, all complete, with spring, box, card and one hundred pigeons, cost $25.

G. L., Pittsburg.—Your advertisement will cost $1.80 for each insertion. 2. Most probably they would. 3. You could have the letters addressed care of this office.

I. X. PACT, St. Louis.—There is probably an organic obstruction somewhere, and your pores are saving your life. Consult a physician.

JOE.—A Boy.—If C. D and E do not wish to shoot off their tie, let them divide the prize, as A and B did with first and second prizes.

J. D. K., Martinsburg.—Certainly, at poker a man has a right to borrow as much money as he can, if the game is not "freeze out."

E. W. S., Milwaukee.—The jack made in play does not count at once. It ranks next to high and low, and must wait upon those cards.

GROTTO, Corry, N. J.—This was for the referee to decide. Under almost all rules, a missfire is at the risk of the shooter.

HARRY.—Amsterdam.—There is not the slightest doubt that Dr. R. P. Jones, the agent, died at Buffalo, N. Y., May 5, 1869.

W. S. H.—Regular euchre recognizes no such contingency as calling for partner's best trump. Make your own rules for such departures.

PINKIE, Lebanon.—1. About 20 years of age. 2. 10 years. 3. Unmarried. 4. We never heard of her. 5. See card among our advertisements.

C. J. S., Mt. Pleasant.—We know nothing definite about the parties paid to professional ball-players. It is a private matter.

INQUISITOR, Hartford.—1. They have no catcher as yet. 2. Fisher is to pitch. 3. It is one of the strongest for the coming season. 4. As soon as we get them officially.

F. W. H., Boston.—1. The advertisement appeared in THE CLIPPER dated May 9, 1874. 2. Ever since 1860, when he was 15 years of age.

QUICK.—1. Twenty-eight years; and at the end of that period it can be renewed for fourteen years more, making forty-two in all. 2. Yes.

W. C. J., Providence.—1. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1849. 2. At all of the principal theatres in this country, in her usual repertoire.

ACTOR, N. O.—1. Yes. 2. It is not certain. 3. About 20 years of age. 4. He has temporarily retired from the stage on account of ill health, and is living in this city. 5. Yes.

DOUBLE SIX, Hartford.—It was not legal, owing to the failure of the contracting parties to have a witness for each as required by the rules.

ALIDA, Albany.—It is a balk, from the fact of his attempting to deliver the ball while outside the lines of his position. 2. Yes, to your established rule.

CHAMPION, Boston.—We shall commence the review of players in our next. Do not know where Addy is to be in 1875.

E. S.—If the lady was born in this country (you do not state where, she is a native American, of German-American descent.

J. H., Philadelphia.—The law might recognize your right, but the litigation would be troublesome.

FRISCO, Wheeling.—Neither, we believe. Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," was known as such.

H. S. T., Chicago.—Thank you; but older ones are preferable.

DOPLINER.—"Dat Colored Gal," "Smile Once Again," "Old Block," "The Miner's Story," "My Only Friend."

SAZERAC, St. Louis.—1. Born Feb. 14, 1857. Unmarried. 2. No. 3. They may stand fifth or sixth. 4. The Mutuals. 5. C. P. A., Brooklyn.—At the Astor House, New York. The time is not known yet.

PHILA.—The Chicagos claim to have the only legal claim for the seven lives of any cat. See Ed. James' address.

HARRY, Phila.—Why, in the name of Pluchus, should a man lose who bets on a sure thing? How can he?

H. B., Germania House.—Refer to Directory and build it "seven;" without having a seven-spot in his hand.

CONSTANT READER.—Jenny Lind arrived in this country Sunday, Sept. 1, 1850.

E. H. J., Terre Haute.—No answers by mail. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

H. O.—The debtor can be imprisoned under the Hotel Act, but not for mere indebtedness incurred at a grocery bar.

R. S., Dunkirk.—That is taking time by the forelock. State an actual case.

PEDESTRIAN SEC, Indianapolis.—1. Forty-three years of age. 2. The performance ought to secure you engagements.

G. R. I., Falls.—B's action was a catch. The bet is off. It was a singular wager for A to make.

OZBURN, Charleston.—Both belong to the two men who tied.

R. P., Central Falls.—The Ninth Regiment, we think; but see next issue.

M. E., Baltimore.—No "run" for B, the cards being played seven, five, six (run for A), and five (by B).

J. J. D.—Green Jones is a low-comedy part, and Meller Moss a character part.

IAGO, Columbus.—1. The actor must furnish the plays if they are published. 2. Address Frederick Paulding.

A. B. C.—All are living in retirement, save Sallie Bishop, who is performing in variety theatres.

TROY BOY.—Refer to Directory. Captain Jack Chapman, Brooklyn P. O. He will tell you all about it.

L. D. E., Bridgeport.—He is entitled, under the trotting rules, to three trials.

C. C.—Zachary Taylor was inaugurated President on March 5, 1849, and died on July 9, 1850.

OLD READER, Philadelphia.—At all-fours, two-handed, a non-dealer is entitled to game when it is a tie.

SONNY, Boston.—Yes; you must furnish parts for a full orchestra, be the music new or old.

W. H. F., Princeton.—Address Messrs. White, Goullaud & Co. of Boston, Mass., as per their advertisement.

J. E. B., St. Louis.—Accident's best time is 2:16¾, made at Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 19, 1874.

J. S., Hartford.—It was not a misdeal. B could either accept or reject the cards.

NATIVE TALENT.—She is not an American. We have no biographical sketch of her.

MASTER ZACK, Grand Rapids.—An advertisement might secure such a position.

M. E., Baltimore.—No. 4's high put him out, he having also made game. No answers by mail.

T. H. B. H., Staunton.—Write to the proprietor of such paintings, advertising in this paper.

J. C. W.—The Crystal Palace, in this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858.

DAVIES, Rochester.—That communication was answered as soon as received.

T. D., Chicago.—You can call out on sweeps, provided it has not been agreed to turn them down.

R. H. W., Harrisburg.—1. In a heat, Lexington; in a dash, Fellowcraft. 2. Gloster is dead.

H. H. H., Iowa City.—"De screed we'll show up putty soon; an' you can come agin."

HOUND.—That hand is foul, but all prior ones stand. Procure a fair pack, and have a fresh deal.

HARRY PYNARD, Boston.—Under the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Wm. M. Tweed was quashed by Judge Barrett, who remanded the prisoner to the Penitentiary. 2. No one is recognized as the "King" of Brooklyn. 3. Not that we are aware of. 4. See Ed. James.

SIM.—Ed. James will send you such a book for one dollar. A. J. B., Trenton.—Besides in Philadelphia there is a POOR BOY, Englewood.—We cannot recommend one.

GRUMPY.—It shall be so changed; your latest received.

CALABOOSE, Boston.—Refer to Directory for such cities.

H. F. W.—Will endeavor to answer in our next issue.

W. H. W.—Highest run at billiards on record, 1,483.

W. S. S., St. Louis.—See Ed. James' address.

CONSTANT READER.—Daly was born April 25, 1849.

IGNORANCE.—London. There is scarcely a doubt.

A. B. H.—Will endeavor to find room for it.

ST. GEORGE, St. Louis.—Will answer next week.

KASKASKIA.—Cannot play alone when assisted.

A. E. T., Boston.—Watch our variety summary.

R. D. A., Philadelphia.—Of course not.

EPHRAIM, Allentown.—Not that we know of.

J. C. D., Springfield.—There are none such.

H. K., Baltimore.—Will give it an early reading.

FAKIR.—Their store is No. 1,131 Broadway.

C. E. W., Balto.—Thank you for the same.

FRED J., Chicago.—Have forwarded a place.

S. P., Pittsfield.—A ship puts him out.

PUGILIST, Grand Rapids.—He did not.

H. A. D., Philadelphia.—Photograph.

SPIVINS, Lynchburg.—Have it not.

F. R., St. Joseph.—Bill received.

BOSTON.—That was the town that was.

A. M.—You can call out at once.

PAD, Troy.—492, in a match.

J. S.—The jack deals.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1875.

Which will be Ready December 18,

WILL CONTAIN

A THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY, embracing a record of the more important events that have transpired in connection with the drama in this country and Europe—the dates when theatres and amphitheatres were opened—a list of those destroyed by fire—date of birth, first appearance and death of noted actors, actresses and singers—also interesting data relating to minstrelsy and other amusements.

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Calendars for the Year, a Calendar for all Time, Astronomical occurrences for the Year, Statistics of Population, Postal Regulations, and Rates of Postage, Difference of Time between New York and other cities, Size of Public Parks in America and Europe, Table of Distances, Length of Principal Rivers, Height of Principal Mountains, Towers, Spires and Monuments, Table of Stamp Duties, Increment of Population, Dates of Important Events and Inventions.

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FRANK QUEEN, Publisher,
88 and 90 Centre street,
P. O. BOX 3,860. New York.

THE NATION'S GUEST.—A stranger is on his way to visit us—no less a personage than King Kalakaua, all the way from the Sandwich Islands. Changes are everywhere taking place. It seems but a few years ago that cotton was king; now, Kaliko is king; and though this latter monarch favors neither cotton nor calico, preferring rather the garb that Adam reveled in, nevertheless we must ignore his toggery, and give him a fitting and suitable reception. There is a chance here for a grand parade, and we do hope that the Mayor and Aldermen will fix the thing up in good style, which will ad-Vance the acting Mayor's chances for the succession. *Vive le King Kaliko!*

OF THE MANY STORIES prepared for the holiday season, none will be more welcome than B. L. Farjeon's "King of No-land." It is not only entertaining as a work of fiction, but it inculcates a pure and wholesome moral, by which high and low, the rich and the poor, may alike profit. Harper & Brothers have issued the book in cheap form.

"MY CIGAR" is the title of a clever miniature paper issued every Saturday by the Boston Cigar Club; and this, probably, is the first puff of "My Cigar;" which, we hope, may not end in smoke.

WE THOUGHT that THE CLIPPER building was an elevated structure, but *The Tribune's* an elevator.

NOW AND THEN.—A week ago, Mayor Havemeyer was the worst-abused man in all New York. To-day, his virtues are heralded throughout the land, and his praises are upon every tongue. Papers that, one week ago, reviled him, and "said all manner of evil things against him," to-day vie with one another in holding him up as a model of the noblest work of God—an honest man. Verily, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," and we change as the wind changes. The average daily newspaper of the metropolis is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; no man's character is secure against its assaults, no reputation is proof against its venom. But oh! how that immaculate press stultifies itself when the object of its wrath lies cold in death. Could the spirit of the dead Mayor "materialize" itself, and come among us, and hear all the good things now said about him, the "materialized" exclamation would be—"I should have lived hereafter!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** NOV. 30: In the course of a debate in the German Reichstag on the Alsace-Lorraine Loan Bill, Prince Bismarck said that those provinces were wanted for the interests of the Empire, and that a parliament there would lead to continual agitation, and might endanger the peace of Germany.....The giving away of a small iron bridge over Lake Roland, a few miles from Baltimore, Md., precipitated two passenger trains into the water, Upton Young being killed, George Wenner fatally injured, and half a dozen others more or less hurt.....The frozen bodies of a man supposed to be J. Graham of Fairport and of Ashland, Ill., were found on board the snow Pearl, which came ashore at Geneva, O.....Herr Sigl, Editor of *The Berlin* (Germany) *Vaterland*, was sentenced *in contumaciam* to ten months' imprisonment for asserting that Kuhlman's attempt to assassinate Bismarck was a sham plot concocted by the police.....It was officially announced at Madrid, Spain, that Gen. Sabello, the Marquis De Villardaco, and other prominent persons had abandoned the cause of Don Carlos.....Samuel B. H. Vance, President of the Board of Aldermen, took the oath of office as Mayor of New York, vice Wm. F. Havemeyer, deceased.....Charles H. Bullard, the principal in the Boughton-bank robbery, Boston, Mass., was sentenced to twenty years in State Prison.....Later details of the municipal elections show additional Republican success in France.....The Brazilian Government had informed that of Portugal that the newspaper *Tribune* of Para will be prosecuted for the violent articles published against the officers of the Portuguese corvette Sagres.....It was denied that a revolt had occurred in the Fiji Islands.....James Meggs was suffocated by foul gas in a cellery at Girardville, Pa.....It was stated that Blake, who was shot while stealing poultry at West Gorham, Me., was not killed, as reported, but was severely wounded.....A. N. Stuarts, recently tried before the Chicago Board of Trade for commercial conduct, arranged to pay his creditors in full within sixty days, and the charges were withdrawn.....Cyrus Bronson, a thief, who was arrested in Philadelphia, Pa., the previous week, on a charge of counterfeiting Government bonds and currency, was found to be a confidential detective in the employ of the detective agency in that city, on a charge of uttering forged bonds of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company. The accused was bound over for a hearing on the 4th inst.....During a fight in an Italian theatre in this city, Arsenio Ippolito was fatally stabbed by Antonio Gallo.....At Middletown, N. Y., a coroner's jury found that Frank V. Hines came to his death by a blow on the head struck by Wm. Armstrong.....Losses by fire: James Guthrie & Co.'s carriage factory, Wilmington, Del.—loss $40,000, insured for $20,000; Norwegian brig Ask, from Cardiff for Boston, at Wilmington, N. C.—loss $17,000, fully insured; Adams House, Boston, Mass.—$3,000, insured.

*** Dec. 2: Yes, to your established differences had arisen in the French Cabinet over the message of President MacMahon to the Assembly, of which body M. Buffet was re-elected President by a vote of 359 to 310, after voting Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte ineligible, and the Left declaring that they would be besieged by the Carlists; that in an indecisive battle fought near La Verde, Argentine Republic, Nov. 25, lasting three hours, the Government forces were defeated, with the loss of one hundred killed and annexed Grigua Land, thus completing the territorial connection between Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa; that a dispatch from London, Ontario, stated that the Czar of Russia was insane; that twenty-one lives were lost on the east coast of Scotland alone during the gale of Nov. 28, 29; that Postmaster-General Marshall Jewell and wife, and Miss Ida Greenbaum, were the guests of the Emperor and Empress of Germany.....The giving away of a small iron bridge over Lake Roland, a few miles from Baltimore, Md., precipitated two passenger trains into the water, Upton Young being killed, George Wenner fatally injured, and half a dozen others more or less hurt.....The frozen bodies of a man supposed to be J. Graham of Fairport and of Ashland, Ill., were found on board the snow Pearl, which came ashore at Geneva, O.....Herr Sigl, Editor of *The Berlin* (Germany) *Vaterland*, was sentenced *in contumaciam* to ten months' imprisonment for asserting that Kuhlman's attempt to assassinate Bismarck was a sham plot concocted by the police.....It was officially announced at Madrid, Spain, that Gen. Sabello, the Marquis De Villardaco, and other prominent persons had abandoned the cause of Don Carlos.....Samuel B. H. Vance, President of the Board of Aldermen, took the oath of office as Mayor of New York, vice Wm. F. Havemeyer, deceased.....Charles H. Bullard, the principal in the Boughton-bank robbery, Boston, Mass., was sentenced to twenty years in State Prison.....Later details of the municipal elections show additional Republican success in France.....The Brazilian Government had informed that of Portugal that the newspaper *Tribune* of Para will be prosecuted for the violent articles published against the officers of the Portuguese corvette Sagres.....It was denied that a revolt had occurred in the Fiji Islands.....James Meggs was suffocated by foul gas in a cellery at Girardville, Pa.....It was stated that Blake, who was shot while stealing poultry at West Gorham, Me., was not killed, as reported, but was severely wounded.....A. N. Stuarts, recently tried before the Chicago Board of Trade for commercial conduct, arranged to pay his creditors in full within sixty days, and the charges were withdrawn.....Cyrus Bronson, a thief, who was arrested in Philadelphia, Pa., the previous week, on a charge of counterfeiting Government bonds and currency, was found to be a confidential detective in the employ of the detective agency in that city, on a charge of uttering forged bonds of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company. The accused was bound over for a hearing on the 4th inst.....During a fight in an Italian theatre in this city, Arsenio Ippolito was fatally stabbed by Antonio Gallo.....At Middletown, N. Y., a coroner's jury found that Frank V. Hines came to his death by a blow on the head struck by Wm. Armstrong.....Losses by fire: James Guthrie & Co.'s carriage factory, Wilmington, Del.—loss $40,000, insured for $20,000; Norwegian brig Ask, from Cardiff for Boston, at Wilmington, N. C.—loss $17,000, fully insured; Adams House, Boston, Mass.—$3,000, insured.

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*** Dec. 5: The District of Columbia Supreme Court decided that the Grand Jury which indicted the alleged safe-burglars and others was unconstitutional, and that the trials under the indictments are nullities; consequently Harrington, Whitley and Williams will not be placed on trial.....The remains of the late Mayor Havemeyer were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, the funeral procession being a most imposing pageant.....King Kalakaua and suite left San Francisco, Cal., for Washington, D. C.....The explosion of a crude-oil tank at Weehawken, N. J., was believed to have caused the death of Henry Sarcedor, whose body could not be found.....Michael Sullivan, the supposed murderer of Mr. Talmadge, was arrested at Newark, N. J.....A locomotive boiler exploded at Delaware, O., badly scalding the engineer and fireman, and injuring several others.....Another stormy debate took place in the German Reichstag on Bismarck's foreign policy, the Ultramontane Deputy Lindhorst calling for Government support for suppressing the legation at the Vatican, and the Chancellor defending this action, and taking occasion to withdraw certain confidential communications he had used during the previous debate.....The bill freeing the University from the State control passed its second reading in the French Assembly.....The bodies of the victims of the safe landing on Kerguelan's Island of the astronomical party sent by the United States to observe the transit of Venus, have been buried.....The suicide from injuries received at the hands of some person or persons unknown.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

BECKER, Nicholas—A Frenchman, residing in Baltimore, Md., and at the time of his death he was living with his eleventh wife.....He was a soldier under Napoleon I, and served at Waterloo.....He died aged 94.

BENEDICT, Rev. David, D. D.—The well-known author of works on Baptist history, and the oldest member of the Corporation of Brown University, Providence, R. I., Dec. 5.

HUNTER, George, Assistant Editor of *The Scotchman*, from injuries inflicted by parties unknown—this city, Dec. 7.

COWLES, Hon. Edward P.—A resident of Rye, N. Y., but a native of Canaan, Ct. After having graduated at Yale and practiced law in Hudson, N. Y., he came to this city, and was by Gov. Myron H. Clark appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. Having filled a second term, he retired from the bench, and joined Chief-Justice Barbour in private practice. Died of a slight injury to his knee, incurred in California, while on his way home—Chicago, Dec. 4, aged 59.

DUNKIN, R. F.—Formerly Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and the oldest lawyer in the State—Charleston S. C., Dec. 3.

MORRELL, Daniel J.—Ex-Member of Parliament, Ocean County, N. J., and formerly Judge of the Monmouth Pleas—Point Pleasant, N. J., Dec. 1.

FELT, H. B.—Of the firm of Felt & Drake, N. Y. City—Richmond, Va., Nov. 28.

GARDNER, William—An iron-importer, and an old resident of the Seventh Ward of this city.....Deceased for he had been a member of the Board of Education and of the Council of Political Reform. On May 16, 1873, Mayor Havemeyer appointed him to the Excise Commission, as a member of which he was on May 19 confirmed by the Board of Aldermen. Found dying in the street, of apoplexy—this city, Dec. 4, aged 54.

GOLD, Charles—Son of General Freight-agent of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota Railroad. Served in the U. S. Navy during the late war, and after its close became agent for the Northwestern Railroad—Cedar Rapids, Ia., Nov. 16, aged 34.

HICHBORN, Nathaniel G.—A prominent shipbuilder, and president of the Continental Bank of this city.....The office of State-treasurer and other public positions had been filled by him—Stockton, Me., Nov. 30.

HUBBARD, Rev. Dr. Josiah—Leading clergyman of the American Reformed Church, and pastor of the Joralemonstreet Church, Brooklyn; of brain disease, with which he was attacked while preaching in May last, and which had since incapacitated him.....Buried from the pastoral house—Newburg, N. Y., Dec. 6, aged 54.

LAMOR, George—Surrogate, Pa., Nov. 28, aged 113.

LEONARD, Chauncey M.—Mayor of Newburg, N. Y., and formerly Chief-engineer of its Fire Department. He was a native of that city, and had acquired a wide personal popularity—here, Dec. 2, aged 48.

LOGAN, Mrs. Daniel—Wife of a wealthy farmer of Montgomery, near Cincinnati, O. Met with an instantaneous death by falling out of a train while leaning her head, She weighed 280lb—that place, Dec. 1.

MORGAN, Dr. Gerard E.—A leading physician of Baltimore, Md., and formerly City Health Commissioner and president of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland. He was a native of Rockingham County, Va., being the son of Rev. Gerard Morg

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

A pigeon-shooting match for $500, between Messrs. Post of New York and Baylis of Brooklyn, attracted a large assemblage of gentlemen interested in the sport to a well-known shooting locality on Long Island on Friday, Dec. 4. The conditions of the contest were to shoot at 25 single birds each, 25 yards rise, H and T traps, and the rules of the Long Island Pigeon-shooting Club to govern. Mr. W. Parks acted as judge for Mr. Post, Mr. Birdseye for Mr. Baylis, and Mr. De Forrest officiated as referee. The betting was $50 to $30 on the Brooklyn shooter, but there was little speculation on the match, as it appeared to be the general impression that Mr. Baylis would win. The latter commenced the sport by missing his first bird, killing the next three, missing the fifth, sixth, ninth and twelfth, and bringing down all the others, scoring 13 killed out of 18 shot at, at which stage of the match his opponent, finding it impossible either to win or to tie, resigned the contest. Mr. Post killed his second, fourth, eighth and twelfth birds out of eighteen shot at, and then retired.

A second match, for $50, fifteen birds each, five traps, English rules to govern, then followed, between Messrs. Post and Green. The latter shot with a ten-bore gun against his opponent's twelve-bore, for which advantage he had to allow Mr. Post one yard in the rise, Green shooting at 31 yards' distance from the traps, and Post 30 yards'. At the fifteenth bird each shooter had scored six killed, and ten missed; but on the sixteenth bird Green missed and Post killed, the latter winning the match.

A third match between Mr. Baylis, the winner of the first match, and Ira H. Paine, at ten birds each, 30 yards rise, five traps and English rules, followed, and was won by Mr. Baylis, who killed seven out of ten birds; Paine killing five out of nine shot at. Next came a match between Messrs. Hickok and Post, for $40, ten birds each, 30 yards rise, five traps, and English rules, which the former gentleman won, killing eight out of nine shot at, while Mr. Post only scored five out of eight. The day's sport terminated with a sweepstakes of $5 each, three birds, H and T traps, 80 yards boundary, 1⅛ ounce shot, Long Island rules, and the first miss out; the winner taking $30 and the second $10. The following gentlemen entered, and were handicapped as under: Baylis, 25 yards; Van Buren, 25 yards; Wingate, 24 yards; Lott, 21 yards; Paine, 27 yards; Lott, 21 yards; Ireland, 24 yards; Post, 24 yards. Messrs. Post, Ireland, and Lott were shot out on the first bird by missing; Van Buren and Paine on their second bird; while Baylis, Wingate and Monroe killed their three birds straight. In shooting off these, Monroe missed his third bird, while Baylis and Wingate killed their three birds, and then divided the money.

BOGARDUS AND PAINE.—There appears to be little probability of these two rival knights of the trigger coming together this year in a contest of skill. Challenge and counter-challenge, proposition and counter-proposition have succeeded each other steadily and regularly; but no arrangement has been effected for a match. Paine now makes another proposal—he will shoot Bogardus a match at 100 single birds each, 30 yards rise, five traps, English rules, on or about Christmas-day, and will find all birds free, guaranteeing them first-class, and any disinterested man to put them in the trap, and will bet him $1,050 against $1,000 that he (Paine) wins the match. If this does not suit Bogardus, it is open to any other shooter in the world.

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING pigeon shooting matches that ever took place at Easton, Pa., came off at the Forrest House on Thursday, Dec. 3, between Joseph Fisher and George Givens. The match, which was made for nine birds, at $20, resulted in a tie, each missing two birds. They then each shot at three more birds, and another tie was the result, each man missing one. They then agreed to shoot at two more birds, and for the third time they tied, each killing four. An intermission for dinner was taken, and when they met for the fourth time the purse was increased to $30, and three more birds were shot at by each man. Givens missed one, and Fisher killed all, thus winning this closely contested match.... On Monday morning, Nov. 30, a pigeon shoot took place at the Forrest House, between George Givens and Johnny Day, well-known baggage agent of the C. R. R. of N. J., for a purse of $20, each shooting at ten birds, which resulted in a victory for Day by a score of 7 to 4.

JOHN BROWN of Philadelphia, who, notwithstanding the peculiarity of his name, is a thorough sportsman, is said to have recently killed, in a three days' outing in Sussex County, Del., 138 partridges, 38 English snipe, and 54 canvas-back and red-head ducks.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PROF. JUDD'S UNDERTAKING.

At 9.46:0 o'clock on the morning of Monday, Dec. 7, Prof. J. R. Judd of this city commenced his attempt to perform the arduous feat of walking five hundred miles in six and a half days at the Empire Rink, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, New York, where he has been pursuing a severe course of training for the event, to perform which he is as well fitted physically as man can well be, and as satisfactory assurances are given that the effort will be a thoroughly honest one, no attempt being made by the pedestrian or the gentlemen chosen as judges to deceive the public, considerable interest will be felt in the result, in order that no question might be raised concerning the measurement of the track, City surveyor J. L. F. Smith, by request of Judd, and in presence of a large number of invited guests, remeasured it on Dec. 2, when it was found that seven laps would constitute a mile, the measurement being made eighteen inches from the inside. The survey having been completed, Prof. Judd appeared upon the track in costume, and gave an exhibition of walking, covering a distance of five miles, carrying an anvil weighing 100lb. the first half of the fifth mile, and walking the last mile backwards. His time was as follows: first mile, 10:34; second, 10:27; third, 10:29; fourth, 10:12; half mile, 5:08; half mile, 6:54. His style of walking was much commended, and his appearance physically was a theme of admiration among the spectators. Judd has walked long distances several times heretofore, in the West and Southwest, under the name of John Davidson, which performances showed him to be possessed of great endurance and excellent pedestrian powers. A committee composed of members of the New York Athletic Club—M. K. Burris, H. E. Buermeyer, W. E. Sinclair, H. C. West, and A. H. Curtis—will take the time, two being present continuously during the six days' walk, which is an additional guarantee that everything will be conducted fairly and above board, warranting the placing of implicit reliance upon whatever may be the announcement of the result.

THREE PEDESTRIAN CONTESTS came off at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., Dec. 2. The first was a dash of 175 yards between Bart Tinnachi of the Hub, and Thos. F. Landy of Providence, R. I., for $250 a side. Landy won by three yards, Tinnachi not running through. Two Providence peds then competed in a dash of 150 yards, for a small stake, Clark winning by four yards, in 18sec. The final event was a three miler, for $50 a side, between John Powers of Brighton and James Horner of Woburn, Mass., the latter being allowed 80 yards start. This advantage Powers made up before a half mile had been gone over, and he won as he pleased by 150 yards, in 18.20.

W. PERKINS, the champion walker of England, has matched himself to walk eight miles in one hour for £100 a side, A. Foster backing Time. The match is fixed for decision at the Lillie bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Dec. 21.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Wm. H. Adsetts.

CRICKET.

THE GERMANTOWN CLUB.

The most successful of the Philadelphia cricket clubs in 1874 was the Germantown. The following is the club record for the past season:

	G. C. C.	*Opponents.*
May 9, Marion Cricket Club, won by 7 wickets	94	92
May 16*, Philadelphia Cricket Club, lost by 30 runs	32	62
May 30, St. George Cricket Club, won by 53 runs	138	55
June 20 and 27, Philadelphia Cricket Club, lost by 80 runs	168	248
Sept. 12, Philadelphia Cricket Club, won by 78 runs	144	66
Oct. 3, Philadelphia Cricket Club, won by 53 runs	91	38
Oct. 17, Young America Cricket Club, won by 12 runs	100	88
Oct. 31, Marion Cricket Club, won by 58 runs	119	61
Totals of runs of Germantown Club and of their opponents	886	1,710

* Match declared off and played short-handed by the G. C. C.

BATTING ANALYSIS.

	Matches.	*Innings.*	*Runs.*	*Ave.*
Thos. Hargraves	8	10	171	28 1-2
James Large	6	7	65	13 5-6
John Large	6	8	97	12 1-8
John Hargraves	8	10	92	10 2-9
F. E. Brewester	7	9	90	10
R. N. Caldwell	7	9	60	7 1-2
Saml. Welsh, Jr	7	7	45	7 1-2
Saml. Welsh	8	10	68	6 4-5
H. W. Brown	4	5	19	3 4-5
John W. Hoffman	5	6	11	1 5-6
Wm. H. Castle	7	8	20	3 1-3
F. G. Wickham	2	2	24	12

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Wickets.*	*Ave.*
Saml. Welsh Jr	454	185	27	5 26 27
Thos. Hargraves	449	163	27	6 5-27
R. N. Caldwell	415	181	23	7 21-23
F. E. Brewester	382	171	18	9 1-2
W. H. Castle	152	80	13	6 2-13

THE BOSTON BOAT CLUB will hold their third annual ball at Beethoven Hall, Washington street, near Boylston, on Friday evening, Dec. 11. This is one of the chief events of the season about the Hub, and Friday evenings will endeavor on this occasion to eclipse in brilliancy their former festive gatherings.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT CLUB of Detroit, Mich., recently elected the following officers: Ira Commodore, K. C. Barker; vice-commodore, W. H. Bush; rear-commodore, G. S. Davis; secretary, P. H. Van Buren; treasurer, A. G. Lindsay; measurer, D. Reaume.

AMUSEMENTS.

GLOBE THEATRE,
728 BROADWAY, 730
CAMPBELL & MURTHA.....Managers.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
CROWDED TO THE DOORS.
STANDING-ROOM ONLY.
5 NEW STARS THIS WEEK.
NED FOX,
The Celebrated Ethiopian Comedian,
WM. DEVERE,
Singer, Author and Character Actor.
GOSS AND FOX
Champion Song-and-dance Artists.
KERNELL AND RICHMOND.
Mrs. J. LLOYD HAIGH, nee JENNIE HUGHES, the ever popular vocalist.
ADAH RICHMOND AND JENNIE WORRELL.
CHINA ADRIANA AND NELLIE YOUNG.
JEAN GREY AND MOLLIE MITCHELL.
FOLEY AND WADE. WALTER BRAY,
JOHN WOODARD, D. THOMPSON.
The funniest Act ever seen
4 PROPHETS.
THE TALK OF THE TOWN
THE OSWALDO SISTERS' GUARDS,
and the magnificent and gorgeous spectacular extravaganza by J. Woodard, Esq., entitled
TRIPS TO THE MOON,
in which 100 young ladies will appear in the Grand Lunarian March, and the celebrated
BAZAR POLKA. 37-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
30,000 PEOPLE.
KIRALFY BROTHERS.....MANAGERS
POPULAR PRICES PREVAILING.
THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE ALREADY SEEN IT.
The American stage has never before produced anything so
BEWILDERINGLY BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
as the present offering of the Imperial Spectacle,
THE BLACK CROOK,
in the elegant
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
The GRAND BALLET of THREE HUNDRED beauties, the dazzling armors of the never-to-be-outdone Amazons, the magnificent scenery, delicious music, and novel specialties form an attraction the metropolis cannot duplicate.
ADMISSION.....50 CENTS
Reserved Seats.....25c., 50c. and $1 extra
Family Circle (entrance on Twenty-fourth st.).....30cts

COLUMBIA VARIETIES,
209 COLUMBIA STREET, COR. SACKETT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Skeehan Bros., proprietors. Harry Greacon, stage-manager. Open year round. First-class talent wanted at all times; lady artists especially. Salaries low but sure. Address HARRY GREACON, as above. 37-1t*

ALHAMBRA VARIETIES,
371 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
J. MYERS, Proprietor. C. P. HYLAND, Manager.
Open the year round. Female talent wanted immediately; salary low. Money sure. 37-1t*

JAKE BERRY'S 34TH-ST. OPERA-HOUSE—Open every night. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Admission, 15, 25, 50, and 75c. Lady dancers wanted at all times. 37-11*

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT HIPPODROME AND WORLD-RENOWNED MENAGERIE!
THE FETE AT PEKIN.
FETE AT PEKIN, FETE AT PEKIN.
THE
MARVEL OF SPECTACULAR PAGEANTRY!
INDIAN LIFE. INDIAN LIFE.
INDIAN LIFE. INDIAN LIFE.
THE
WONDER OF EQUESTRIANISM!
JACKLEY FAMILY. JACKLEY FAMILY.
JACKLEY FAMILY. JACKLEY FAMILY.
THE
WORLD'S CHAMPION ATHLETES!
CHARIOT RACES! HURDLE RACES!
CHARIOT RACES! HURDLE RACES!
LADIES' FLAT RACES!
LADIES' FLAT RACES!
ONE HUNDRED LADY RIDERS!
TWO HUNDRED LADY ATTACHES!
FOUR HUNDRED ARABIAN HORSES!
ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH RUNNERS!
SIX HUNDRED WILD BEASTS!
FIVE TRAINED ELEPHANTS!
SIX LIVING GIRAFFES!
TEN CAMELS! SIX LLAMAS!
TWO MONSTER BLACK RHINOCEROS!
TWO MONSTER BLACK RHINOCEROS!
THE LARGEST EVER CAPTURED!
Doors open at 1 and 6:30. Performances at 2:30 and 8. Wild animals fed at the close of afternoon entertainment. Box Office open from 9 to 4. Seats secured six days in advance. General admission, 50 cents. Children under 10, 25 cents. Extraordinary attractions in preparation for the Holidays. 37-1t

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
585 BROADWAY,
HARRY CLIFFORD.....Business and Stage Manager
7 NEW STARS 7
THE PEOPLE'S VARIETY THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 7.
First appearance of the Queen of Serio-comic Vocalists, and the most beautiful woman on the stage,
MISS MAGGIE GRAY.
First appearance of the Great Scotish Nightingale,
MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND.
The great hit of the season, the beautiful, the bewitchingly voluptuous Queen of the Cancan,
MLLE. DE'ROCHEFOUCAULD,
(Just arrived from Paris.)
First appearance of the Eccentric Song-and-Dance Artist and Stump Orator,
FRANK BELL.
First appearance of the Celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist,
JAS. O'NEIL.
First appearance of the Black Diamond,
N. B. SHIMER.
First appearance of the Boneless Boy,
JAS. McNEVIN.
First week of the Local Drama,
THE N. Y. MECHANIC!
Tim.....HARY CLIFFORD
Peggy.....MISS LOTTIE GRANT
Twenty-second week of the original and immortal
CAN CAN!
50 Bewitching Beautiful Ladies! 50.—Matinees WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2 o'clock.—First-class Talent wanted at all times. Lady or others needapply; enclose no stamp; consider silence a negative. 37-1t*

LYCEUM THEATRE.
SOLDENE.
M. GRAU & CHIZZOLA.....Lessees and Managers.
MISS EMILY SOLDENE'S
ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
TO-NIGHT—LAST PERFORMANCE OF
THE GRAND DUCHESS
MISS SOLDENE. THE DUCHESS,
TO-MORROW, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9,
and every evening, also Saturday matinee,
First time in America,
CHILPERIC.
The English version specially prepared for the occasion. NEW SCENERY, NEW COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES
CHILPERIC
cast to the strength of the
SOLDENE ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY.
MISS SOLDENE as CHILPERIC
37-1t EVERY EVENING—SATURDAY MATINEE.

UNION-SQUARE THEATRE.
Proprietor.....MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK
Manager.....MR. A. M. PALMER
Begins at 8; over at 11.
BRILLIANT REVIVAL
of Lovell's great play, in six acts, entitled
LOVE'S SACRIFICE,
with new scenes, costumes, and appointments, and a superb cast.
SATURDAY, DEC. 12,
FIRST MATINEE OF LOVE'S SACRIFICE.
In preparation the immensely successful Parisian sensation,
THE TWO ORPHANS,
which will be produced with a powerful cast, magnificent scenery, and superb costumes. 37-1t

PARK THEATRE.
THIRTEENTH WEEK
of
MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND
as
COL. MULBERRY SELLERS,
The Speculative Hero,
in
MARK TWAIN'S DRAMA.
Secure Seats in advance to avoid the crush.
EIGHTY-FOURTH PERFORMANCE,
MONDAY, DEC. 7,
"COL. SELLERS."
EVERY NIGHT
and
SATURDAY MATINEE.
SPECIAL.
MR. STUART has pleasure in announcing that he has made arrangements with the celebrated
THAUMATURGIST,
PROFESSOR TOBIN,
of the London Polytechnic, who will exhibit some of the recent wonders of science, including the romance of the Cable, at the
PARK THEATRE
every afternoon save Saturday.
Madrigal Music of Sir Henry Bishop, by a quartet.
Commence, 3 o'clock. Prices, 50 cents. Children and schools, 25 cents. 37-1t

TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE,
58th street and Lexington avenue.
MONDAY, DEC. 7,
GRAND REVIVAL
of
THE FEMALE BATHERS
and
THE CANCAN
In a style far superior to their original production at Robinson Hall.
MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS
and
MLLE. DELACOUR'S CANCAN DANCERS.
Lillie Raymond, Cerita Rosa, Misses Warner and Wilson, Velocipedist, and the Great Specialty Company.
GRAND SACRED CONCERT,
SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 13,
BY MADAME RENTZ'S TROUPE.
A Moral and Attractive Programme. 37-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
Broadway, cor. 29th st.
First appearance of
MR. J. H. CARL,
in his Screaming Banjo Songs.
ADD RYMAN, BURLESQUE LECTURE.
Macklin and Wilson in Songs and Dances; the Great Rivals; new Songs by Wambold, Randolph, Tremaine and Pelham; Birch and Backus in Funny Acts. Street cars may be ordered at 10. Seats secured. Moral—Go early.
FAMILY MATINEE SATURDAY, AT 2. 37-1t*

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
WEST 23D STREET.
CHANGE. NEW BILL. CHANGE.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. THE RIVAL DARKIES.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. CREMATION.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. COUSIN JOE'S VISIT.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. A SLIPPERY DAY.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Characters by Bob Hart, Dave
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Reed, Hogan, W. Henry Rice,
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Robinson, Emerson, Dave
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Reed, Dan Bryant.
Family Matinee Every Saturday at 2. 37-1t*

WOOD'S MUSEUM. WOOD'S.
ONE WEEK ONLY
OF THE GREAT
CHARACTER ACTOR
DOMINICK MURRAY.
THE ORGAN MAN.
THE GAMBLER'S CRIME.
MATINEES
MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.
TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. 37-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
Mr. JOSH HART.....Sole Proprietor.
A GLORIOUS BILL. ENTIRE CHANGE.
NEW FACES AND NEW ACTS.
First week of
THE WORRELL SISTERS,
MISS SOPHIE
and
MISS IRENE,
MR. HUGH FAY, MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
in the burlesque, entitled the
KING OF CARROTS.
MR. FRANK DONALDSON as.....King of Monkeys.
The burlesque will be produced with everything new, and a new and original transformation scene. The idea has been taken from *New York Herald* of Nov. 9, on the escape of the
WILD ANIMALS AT CENTRAL PARK.
MR. JOHN WILD will perform in the lion's cage.
First week of
MR. GEO. FREDERICKS, MR. WILL VANE,
MR. WM. NOONAN and MISS ALICE BATEMAN.
Reappearance of MISS KITTY O'NEIL.
TAKE IT, AND DON'T TAKE IT.
OLD ADAM;
or,
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. 37-1t

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA-HOUSE,
No. 201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
MATINEES TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
Ladies free on Tuesday and Friday evenings.
MORE STARS. FRESH NOVELTIES. MORE FUN.
First appearance of the following stars:
The great Character Artist and Vocalist,
LA BELLE ARDENE.
The wonderful and accomplished artists,
THE COMICAL CAWTHORNES.
THE LOPEZ FAMILY, Gymnasts.
The Comic Pantomimist, HARRY THORNE.
The Musical Moke, WM. HOEY.
MISS ELLA MAYO, Serio-comic Vocalist.
The comic pantomime, entitled ROBERT MACAIRE.
TONY PASTOR AND ALL THE FAVORITES IN AN ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME.
NOTICE.—Every Monday evening Mr. Pastor will distribute Sixty Hams among the audience. 37-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
JOHN S. CLARKE.
JARRETT & PALMER respectfully ask attention to the limit of the prosperous engagement of the great comedian,
MR. JOHN S. CLARKE,
whose appearance cannot be continued after the present week.
MR. CLARKE will appear in the characters of REDMOND TAPE in H. J. Byron's serio-comic dramatic sketch,
RED TAPE,
and as MAJOR WELLINGTON DE BOOTS in Stirling Coyne's capital comedy, THE WIDOW HUNT.
MONDAY, DEC. 14,
first nights of the new, grand, romantic, spectacular and historical drama, THE HERO OF THE HOUR,
written expressly for Mr. Clarke by M. Paul Feval. The production will be distinguished for MAGNIFICENCE and perfection in all its divisions of Cast, Scenery, Music, Costumes, Mechanism, etc. The sale of seats will be begun on next Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. 37-1t

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Theatre. Begins at 8. Twenty-eighth night and Brook way. Over at 10.30.
YORICK!!!
MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S new, original and REMARKABLE sensation from the Spanish Stage. Every night.
Matinee of YORICK Saturday at half-past one.
SHORTLY an entirely new and original Comedy by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT; and "Sweethearts," Mr. GILBERT'S new London Comedy. 37-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
624 BROADWAY, N. Y.
THE POPULAR FAMILY RESORT.
THE GREAT THEATRE
OF THE MASSES,
Presenting nightly and upon
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
THE GRAND
DIVERSIFIED ENTERTAINMENT,
embracing the best features of all the most
POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS OF THE DAY
Entirely devoid of the slightest approach to anything objectionable.
SPECIALTY ARTISTS.
FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS.
NOVELTIES OF MERIT AND
ATTRACTIONS OF EVERY KIND
will be liberally treated with. 35-tf
JOHN F. POOLE, Manager.

MRS. MARY L. BERRELL,
FIRST-OLD WOMAN. Address care of CLIPPER Office, or SIMMONDS & WALL. 37-1t*

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
PROF. JUDD
commences his great
500 MILE WALK
MONDAY, DEC. 7, AT 9¼ A. M.
Promenade Concert at 2 and 8 P. M. by Gilmore's Band.
ADMISSION, 50 CENTS. 37-1t*

IMPROVED VIOLIN AND DOUBLE-BASS ROSIN, pronounced by solo players the best now in use. For sale by G. SALOMONS, 97 Willow st., Lynn, Mass. Price 25cts. per box, postpaid. 33-13t*

TO COMEDIENNES.—I HAVE for sale a splendid new Farce, by an Eastern author, entitled
"ALL FOR LOVE."
Please address immediately HENRY E. WHEELER, Grand Opera-house, Augusta, Ga. 37-1t*

CARD.
Managers wishing to secure the services of the popular comedian, MR. E. A. LOCKE,
for the balance of season, please address SIMMONDS & WALL, 609 Broadway, N. Y. 37-1t*

ODDFELLOWS' HALL,
SEVENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.:
having been remodeled and improved, is considered the finest saloon in the city; well adapted for balls, concerts, sociables, lectures, etc., with
A SEATING CAPACITY FOR ONE THOUSAND.
Dimensions of auditorium, 42x80ft.; stage, 18x42ft., with circular front; lighting and heating facilities unsurpassed, and is now ready for engagement for first class entertainments. For terms, etc., address L. B. ALLYN, Janitor,
ODDFELLOWS' HALL,
37-7t*eow Seventh street, Washington, D. C.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?
Variety and Negro Sketches, Burlesques, Farces, Acts, etc., also Sensation and Specialty Dramas, written by I. DEVEAU, 116 South First st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. 37-2t*

SONGS, BURLESQUES,
PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC.
Written to order. Address WM. R. WATTS,
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MISS JULIA SEAMAN,
Boston, Mass., Dec. 14.
Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 28.
Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 4.
Philadelphia (6 weeks), Jan 25. 37-1t*

MISS MARTHA GRAY
and FRANKIE BENNETT
have formed a copartnership, and will in the future do double song-and-dance acts. Address THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va. 37-1t*

GREAT AMERICAN SLAVE-Troupe, Old Kentucky Minstrels. First-class colored talent wanted immediately for California. Must also play in brass band and orchestra. Peformers, stating instruments played, and give full line of biz and lowest possible salary. Performers engaging must be in the city Dec. 14. No fares paid to join company. F. D. S. HAIGHT, Director Todd's Varieties, No. 226 So. Clark street, Chicago, Ill. 37-1t*

FIRE KING'S OUTFIT.
EVERYBODY A FIRE-DEMON,
and good as any living.
Full instructions and preparations only $3, by mail or express, C. O. D.
ENTERPRISE CO.,
37-1t* 14 Academy street, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE ALHAMBRA,
FORMERLY ORCHESTRION HALL,
Corner Court and State streets, NEW HAVEN, CT.
MAYNARD & MOSHER.....Proprietors
The only recognized and standard place of amusement in the city. Packed audiences sway with laughter and delight at the comicalities of the Lion Lizzy Adams and Guy Linton, and our leviathan company. Good performers wanted, especially lady artists. Salaries low, but sure.
37-1t* Address MANAGERS.

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Want to hear from you immediately.
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G. A. HENDERSON,
HEAVY AND CHARACTER BUSINESS,
can be engaged for single night or season. Managers, please address 73 Carlton ave., Brooklyn. 37-1t*

WANTED.—STEREOPTICON SLIDES OF IRELAND. Must be good views, colored or plain. Address VIEWS, care of CLIPPER office. 37-1t*

WANTED AT ONCE,
A LIVE MAN
AS ADVANCE AGENT.
Address "MANAGER,"
37-1t care of CLIPPER Office.

E-FLAT CORNET FOR SALE, made by F. BESSON, London, double silver plated and elaborately engraved on bell. An excellent instrument, warranted perfect in tune, tone and finish. Cost $105, will be sold for $70 cash. Address
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37-1t* 221 East 26th st., New York.

CARROLLTON HALL
TO LET
FOR TRAVELING OR
VARIETY SHOWS.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,000.
For further particulars address
WILLIAM AHEARN,
37-4t* Massasoit Steam Mill, Fall River, Mass.

SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE,
PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.
Large stage, with scenery and dressing rooms. For rent to first-class companies only.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,200.
Population over 10,000.
Good show town. Address JOHN R. SMITH & SON, Proprietors. 37-13t*

WANTED, A SONG-AND-DANCE artist, also comic singer (female) at Max Holler's Music Hall, 104 Broadway, Williamsb'h, L. I., N. Y. 37-1t*

FOR SALE.—A NEW, FIRST-CLASS magic lantern, with alcohol-oxygen apparatus and 25 pictures. Half price. A. MULLER, 636 5th st., bet. Ave. B and C. 37-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
A GENTLEMAN WITH $600
to buy a new panorama of Ireland. Address
H. VINCENT,
37-1t* 213 6th avenue, top-floor, New Yo

WANTED TO RENT,
for two weeks, commencing Christmas. Must be low in price. Address H. HUBBARD,
37-1t* 213 6th avenue, New York City.

THE TWO ORPHANS.
A drama in five acts by Robert Johnston and George H. Cheveer. This is the only drama copyrighted under this title. Copies may be obtained by addressing the authors at 97 Mercer street, N. Y. 37-1t*

A DOUBLE BASS and BRASS TUBA-PLAYER wants an engagement. Permanent or traveling. Best reference given. Address, F. SCHMIDT, 156 Ludlow street, N. Y. 37-1t*

WANTED,
A LADY VOCALIST
to travel with the Overland Panorama. Address, stating lowest terms, WM. HENRI, 531 5th av., Pittsburg, Pa. 1t*

CIRCUS.
MENAGERIE PROPERTY WANTED.
Also big chance for party with some cash; or will accept partner. Panorama of Cuban Massacre for sale or rent. Also three drop curtains. N. B.—Human curiosities and museum stuff wanted. Address J. W. COUCH,
37-1t* Bushnell, Ill.

WANTED.—A MUSICIAN TO play second violin and B-flat tenor.
NELLIE DANIELS,
37-1t West Brookfield, Mass.

TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS.
Wanted to purchase one or two
NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAYS,
in manuscript.
Address, with lowest terms and full particulars,
JAMES F. SIRRY,
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TO HIBERNICA MANAGERS.
KATHLEEN O'NEIL
is at liberty to accept engagements as old woman and singer. Address,
37-1t* Muskegon, Mich.

WANTED, A GOOD BURLESQUE WRITER, to burlesque the play of Notre Dame. Address, EDWIN KEENE, 806 Buttonwood street, Philadelphia, Pa. 37-1t*

WANTED. A GOOD GYMNAST'S NET. Address, stating size and terms, HINDLE & CO., 37-1t* 812 Market street, Wilmington, Del.

HARPER AND STANSILL,
ORIGINAL AND ONLY ONE-LEGGED SONG-AND-DANCE ARTISTS,
Open at GRAND CENTRAL, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7, FOR TWO WEEKS.
ADELPHI THEATRE, BUFFALO.—The houses were full; the show was a good. Harper and Stansill, one-legged song-and-dance men, created a sensation. They are very nearly matched in size, and both have lost a leg at about the same distance below the hip. They dance with a crutch, and put to shame many bipeds who call themselves first-class artists. Their performance is novel, and the hearty applause of the audience is well merited.—BUFFALO SUNDAY NEWS, Nov. 29. Managers, address as above.

THE BEGINNER'S
QUADRILLE BAND BOOK.
CONTAINS 8 SETS OF QUADRILLES
AND WALTZES,
20 POLKAS, SCHOTTISHES,
CONTRA-DANCES, Etc.,
ARRANGED VERY EASY AND SIMPLE.
The highest note in first violin part is B, in the first position, and the other parts correspond. Can be used for any number of instruments from ONE to FIVE. Price, for 5 pieces, $5. Separate parts, 75c. each. Each part in book by itself.
Sent by mail on receipt of price, by G. H. ROWE,
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'ARRY ROBINSON,
THE MAN WITH THE
CROOKED 'ORN.
Yours received and contents noted. I have booked you and your
SILVER HAMS
for Towsontown. Don't be alarmed—they never saw a show there, consequently your comical donkey will 'it 'em. But don't go to Cincinnati. Your kind are among the principal products of the city.
I am now playing at the
ONLY FIRST-CLASS VARIETY THEATRE IN PHILADELPHIA,
THE GRAND CENTRAL.
I understand they want a man to make discords in the orchestra. If you will make application immediately, perhaps you

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.

The ballad, says Ritson in the York edition of "Robin Hood's Garland," is probably one of the oldest of which he is the subject. It is not compiled in Percy's reliques of ancient English poetry. The oldest edition known is dated 1670.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now, Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a *link a down and a day*,
And there he met with a silly old woman
Was weeping on the way.

"What news, what news, thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she: "There's three squires in Nottingham town
To-day are condemned to die."

"Oh, have they parishes burnt," he said,
"Or have they ministers slain,
Or have they robbed any virgin,
Or with other men's wives have lain?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain;
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have ain."

"Oh, what have they done?" said Robin Hood;
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long-bows with thee."

"Dest thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"Since thou made me sup and dine;
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now, Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a *link a down and a day*,
And there he met with a silly old palmer
Was walking along the highway.

"What news, what news, thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he: "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day."

"Come, change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come, change thy apparel for mine.
Here is forty shillings in good silver;
Go drink it in beer in wine."

"Oh, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever ye go, wherever ye ride,
Laugh he'er an old man to scorn."

"Come, change thy apparel with me, old churl;
Come, change thy apparel with mine.
Here are twenty pieces of good, brond gold;
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat—
It stood full high on the crown—
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from ball up to side;
"By the truth of my body, bold Robin can say
This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from a weaver's wride,
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath—
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now, Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a *link a down and a down*,
And there he met with the proud Sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Oh, save you, save you, O Sheriff," he said;
"Oh, save you, save you and see;
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be."

"Some suits, some suits," the Sheriff he said;
"Some suits I'll give to the free;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen—
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
"By the truth of my body," the Sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman is made.

"I've a bag for meal and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn,
And a bag for bread and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood;
And still, when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

"O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give sweet a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding o'er the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"Oh, who are those," the Sheriff he said,
"Come tripping o'er the lea?"
"They're my merry men true," Robin did say,
"And they pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen;
They hanged the proud Sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR, THE

SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I am justly punished for leaving her side!" said Johan in bitter self-reproach, when he found beyond question that his bride-elect was gone. "To follow the dead to the grave, I left that beauteous spirit of life, and the sons of darkness have coveted her and stolen her away. Speak not to me, father," continued he wearily, "of duty. I have nothing of existence until I met this darling on board of the Black Griffin—happier hour I never knew than that upon the deep. And now she is gone. No sup, no bite, no rest, until she is on our hearth once more. O Heaven! what may she not be suffering even as I—here, here. Away, all of ye! turn me not from selfish tasks—eat, drink, of the funeral feast! I depart to find my loved one!"

But, Johan, though this event sadly embarrasses me in momentous plans, let me assist you. I must recover Isabel. Is she not my own daughter?"

"Father Rieres, your head is for government of the state—my lovesick brain for humoring her caprices. Twenty men cannot do more than I alone. Keep to your projects—carry out your differences with the villainous lord of our town, but leave me, before I am angered with you, to follow the dictates of my own hand and a last embrace! Either you shall clasp her to your heart again, or Johan Carillo will never more be seen of men!"

"You are unjust, boy!" said the swordsmith. "But the lovelorn are not to be guided. Spite of my intentions in other matters, do not be amazed should you meet me, even me, Johan, in the path on which you seek Isabel."

The young man shook his head.

"I am past verbal consolation," answered he, "and I shall not hear hence beyond your overtaking me."

"God-speed you!"

"And God-speed you, Johan! dear Johan!" caught up the men and women, who had for the last hour been seeking some trace of the path Isabel's abductors had taken. All that had been discovered was the fact that they had left the mill by the hole where the wheel revolved. That argued the employment of a boat. But up or down the stream—there lay the kernel of the problem.

"As well one way as another," thought Johan, and he set his face up the river, merely because he had first turned that way in crossing from the small and moving down on the bank. Something was moving on the river-surface at the turn just above the mill. He paused and waited. It approached. It was a boat. Now it stopped, caught in an eddy, spun round, reclined in the side-current, went up, came down. Impatient, Johan waded out into the shallows and flung himself into the stream. In ten minutes he was in the boat.

"Two poles, both wet," muttered he. "Two men! What's this? Isabel's shoe!"

And catching up the object, his tears fell upon it. Then, with the determination of a lion robbed of his mate, he grasped one of the poles, brought the skiff into position, and vigorously thrust it along in the backwater coasting the shore. But on reaching the castle on the bridge he was stopped by the falls. All the guardsmen, though not those who had kept watch at the first of the morning, asseverated that no conveyance had gone beyond the bridge that last night. Such a thing must have been seen carried round the castle on the bridge by the guardsmen, though not those who had kept watch at the first of the morning, asseverated that no conveyance had gone beyond the bridge that last night. Such a thing must have been seen carried round the cascade and emerging from under the arches. Johan retraced his course, and, shooting out into the current, sped down the stream at the end of the long curve. At the bridge at the other extremity of the town, the same answers awaited him.

Day had come. He utilized every minute of it in searching both shores for marks of the ending of the kidnappers, but none appeared. Fatigued, disheartened, he returned to the mill. He asked for the swordsmith at once.

"Gone, Johan," said the cook, her eyes red with weeping. "I shall start with my cousins up the street, for this is a mournful and a sorry abode since they stole away the young lady under mine own eyes."

"Gone!"

"Yes, almost on your heels. Ribadeo caught a beggar prowling round the Castle de Ferro, and, after questioning him, the master darted out like an eagle, scarcely stopping to arm himself. Ribadeo was but just now wondering that he could have sped away so fleetly, wrapped as he was in steel."

"And left he no word for me? Strange, and unlike him, man of precaution that he is. Where is your beggar?"

"Soundly flogged and kicked into the waste-water. It appears he is a thief, not unknown to Toledo."

"Then I delay not. Ribadeo, what said the master?"

The smith approached.

"Little, brother, and much. He was muffled from top to toe in a cloak, so that I scarcely saw his face. He bade us be wary to the keenest point, and I am to have neighbor Oliviero's strong black horse armed for war, with the charger's suit in the red chest, and bring him this night to the half-mile stone on the eastern road."

"Hum, hum!" muttered Carillo.

"And he said to me, 'Mind that we de not meest on the same path' I will go in that direction. Farewell! and keep good guard!"

Little heeding the undried clothes, he chose a new sword, and at the time remarked that the smith had no doubt taken that other one, companion to the Count's purchase. Men of low lineage were not allowed to carry blades beyond a certain length, and especially after the Count's proclamation; but at this moment Johan was reckless, and would have marched past the alguazils with a rapier as long as a weaver's beam. Following the river road, where only stray goats were frequenters, and across the quicksands, with which, however, Johan was familiar, he was in the afternoon again at the eastern bridge.

The captain of the watch balloxed to him, and, as it was in a friendly tone, he climbed by the stone steps up to the parapet. It was a customer of the sword-smith's, whose breastplate Johan had himself made new a week before.

"Which way art bound again?" inquired he. "Best wait, if you would journey the eastern road, till a party of fellow-passengers collect. I would not alone run the gauntlet of the vagabond folk who line the way, and beg for a copper with club and pike at their back for my cap full of royals."

"Has no one dared it?"

"Not in the day. We had one madpate in the chink of the night, who showed royal warrant for his mission, and who went forth unattended. A knight, so far as his tread was weighty, for his mantle was twice the length of a proper Christians, tall fellow as he was, and his armor could only be guessed at. He had even wrapped up his helmet to the very plume-clasp, as if he had fear of the crest catching cold. A knight and afoot—marry, master armorer, these are singular days. That were wonder enow, but what say you to a one-legged man on a horse! Aye, and my lord's captain, to boot."

"A man with one leg," said Johan, for the first time listening, "and my lord's captain! Is it true, and is that wooden-legged knave the captain of the Count of Toledo's forces?"

"Verily! They came over the bridge to take their saddles here this morning, and rode to the Alcazar, knee to knee, like sworn brothers—aye, better brothers than some born so prove to be."

"Thanks, mine officer," said Johan. "I will avoid the beggars, though, empty as is my purse, they will gain naught but hard knocks from your servant."

"I see your baton!" remarked the captain laughingly. "It is of a wood grown in the swordmakers' mill. Well, fare you cheerily! If you but raise a whoop that reaches our ears, by St. James' lance we will race to your rescue! We owe these beggars a grudge for waking us of a night with fires blazing over the plain. Last night even some of the gipsy witches were roasting their stolen children up in the ruined castle. We saw the fires flash, and heard the screams even in our turret. *Adios*, sweet youth."

Johan was already half across the bridge. When he had quite traversed it, he left the road and stepped off into the bushes on the hillside. Beggars and robbers were exchangeable terms, and one arm is no match for a score. It was happy that he did leave the beaten track. He could not but remark how fresh were the signs of persons newly pushing through the stunted shrubbery before him. But this would have furnished him with no intelligence, had not he perceived, here and there, in regular order, and too deeply impressed to be passed lightly, a series of round holes. Each took the place where the counterpart footprint of a walking man should have fallen.

"Heavens!" cried Johan. "Why, it is that one-legged ruffian who has preceded me on this path. Whence come these steps?—not from over the bridge, since the foot points the other way. I will trace them."

They led back to the river, but down the slope to the waterside. A boat had evidently been moored there. Breathlessly he returned and took up the track where he had struck it first.

Unfortunately, darkness was nearing, and at places he had to stoop to the very earth and feel for that betraying mark. Despite tearing thorn and miry earth, he pressed on, even when the sunlight had entirely departed.

He had been led to the bottom of the incline, whereon the Wizard's Castle reposed in the duskiness. A murmur of voices met his ear. He moved onward more cautiously, and suddenly spied a group of persons encircling a fire on the ground. On either hand, at no great distance, he saw other fires, and it struck him at once that they seemed to form a ring around the hill of the castle. Between the fires, like links to a chain, men walked. They were sentinels.

"Singular!" said Johan to himself. "If they occupied the devastated stronghold themselves, I could understand this guard. But they appear to look away towards the town. Can there be aught in the ruin worth their guardianship? I must penetrate this mystery. But how pass this line?"

At any risk he crept closer. He rather fancied that he could succeed, thanks to an act to secure comfort which the vagrants before him had taken. A number of the stones had been piled upon one side of the fire, to keep off the wind, though only breast high in its highest parts. That was sufficient to mask the passage of a crawling man, while it intercepted the light so as to throw its opposite side into deepest shadow. The beggars were interested in their own conversation—so much so that they did not bestir themselves to regard the contents of the huge kettle hung over the fire on a triangle of iron. Such a smell of burning blended with the odoriferous steam, Johan fastened his sword to his body by winding his cloak about him, and, throwing himself prone on his chest, fearlessly began his attempt. The nearer he came to the gipsies, the greater the likelihood of his discovery. But, to his surprise, he managed to get into the cover of the improvised wall without once causing such a sound as must have brought all eyes upon him.

There, wearied by the unusual mode of locomotion, he lay glad to rest. To enforce that rest, one of the party, at length rising to stir the mess in the pot, sat himself upon the top of the stones. It is true his back was towards our hero, but then he was so near that the latter feared his breathing would startle him.

They were all elderly, and but two were women, and they seemed to be the chief "family" of one large band. They spoke in a language not understood by the listener, save once or twice, when someone, at a loss for a phrase, used a Languedocian sentence, which Carillo knew, thanks to the French he had acquired while teaching Isabel his own tongue. More phrases were greeted with laughter, and would seem to be jests upon the good fortune attending the captive, undescribed, whom the fiend-defying Count of Toledo and his diabolical assistants did not fear to immure in the remains of the castle near by. The rest of the conversation seemed to be of money or treasure, for all the black eyes glittered with greed. There was mention of the Cathedral, but already Johan had heard all that he was desirous of learning. He was now simply anxious to get away, especially as a lightening of the sky heralded the rising of the moon. Judging by its brightness of the previous morning, it would so illumine the castle-approach that its coming would annihilate his hopes of avoiding discovery. In approaching the shelter, he had had the slight advantage of seeing the danger in his path. On leaving it, he could not observe how successful might be his flight. At all hazards, since the gipsies were nodding over the end of their savory supper, Johan dared all by beginning to crawl away, taking advantage of every hollow of ground, every mound, and all the fallen stones. Unhappily, he had never suspected how replete with precaution were the Bohemians.

Banded together by the common love of freedom and idleness—a trade, whose sole superiority, as beings in the minority, lay in their cunning—they had preserved a discipline in which they expended savage but subtle cunning fixer than anybody or race among well-doing citizens. Their spy-system surpassed even that of the priests; they held together well in battle (which, however, they preferred to avoid, because generally in no great force), and in their system of lookouts and pickets was unequaled. Instead of guarding each flank and the front, they also guarded the rear, so that the main body, as it were, stood at four corners to all the world. Thus, though Johan had passed the advanced sentry without either seeing the other by a pure accident, and the group by his fortune and patient skill, he had a second line to traverse. It was after he had come fully to the belief that he was safe, too, being three-quarters up the slopes. He was about stooping as he clambered, up and turned to mark his progress. Just at the foot of the incline, in a large semicircle, the fires gave their glimmered; beyond, the Tagus flowed darkly down on high, at about his own level, the lights in the turrets on the city wall glowed and twinkled. The Cathedral rose like a petrified giant. Dark and unlighted. But in the upper and eastern window, highest in the Alcazar, a blue-colored star was brightly shining. From that lofty eyrie the noble master had not disdained to swoop and steal away his betrothed. Johan clenched his fist and shook it at the light. Before he could lower his hand it was seized from behind, and, wheeling round, he found himself in the arms of two men.

Knowing that such a painful embrace could only be the act of enemies, he at once struck out and sought to wrench himself free, to unsheathe his sword. But the men had suspected the movement, and, though one was shaken off, the other not only clung to him, but bore him backwards to the ground. Thanks to the incline, the two rolled over and over until stopped by an imbedded stone. Johan had seen a knife flash in the fellow's girdle, thrust through a sash in the Catalan fashion. Used to encounters with seamen who wore their knives similarly, he let his antagonist continue his attempt to choke him, and, seizing the knife with his left hand, cut at him at random the moment he had withdrawn it. Then he felt the hands relaxing, and immediately summoned up his power for a final effort, by which the dying man was hurled three yards away down the hill. Forgetful of aught but self-preservation, he made at the companion, who was a much younger and stronger gipsy, with the additional advantage of the upper ground. One outcry was made, but the result of this second combat, Johan would have been lost. But the greed of his opponent prevented his appeal for assistance, and perhaps his pride. Did he not slay Carillo single-handed, his strippings would have to be divided among all, who drew blood from the victim—so runs gipsy law.

In his hand was a formidable weapon: one of those hooked spearheads, mounted for the occasion on a short shaft, by which horses of knights were hamstrung and men caught by the leg, thrown down and disemboweled. Rapidly drawing, Johan awaited the onset. But for his knowledge as a swordsmith, which made him confident of the goodness of his blade and doubtful of the quality of metal in the coming hook, and his experience in fence—acquired by the habit of the ironworkers' apprentices to find a warfare in hours of leisure—Johan would have been slain. Another would have sought to parry the thrust, but not he. He simply cut at it with an upward stroke, not only driving it from him at an angle, but partly severing the spearhead from the pole. Carried on by the unarrested impetus, the gipsy almost fell upon Carillo. He, recovering himself from his own blow with all possible celerity, received him on the point of his sword, even while it was ringing and quivering after that first powerful slash. Without a groan, the Bohemian let fall his useless weapon, carried both his hands to the wound, and, gradually sliding off the blade which had perforated him, measured his length on the ground. Blood gushed from his mouth with the shock, and dappled his black beard. The armorer ran his sword into the earth two or three times to cleanse it, felt the edge with his thumb, and smiled to himself.

"I must hasten! Another pair of such dare-devils, and I am a lost man."

"Demon!"

He started. Alone with those freshly slain, who could have hissed that word almost in his ear? The first of the vagrants, though mortally wounded, had recovered momentarily from the stabs, and, resting his arm on a stone for steadiness, he extended a formidable wheel-lock pistol at our hero. This was the worst sort of an antagonist! Within the barrier, the gipsies, alarmed by that shot, would secure the swordsmith like a rabbit in a net. And, agony! he could do no one thing of any avail. Before he could make a step, the dying hand, even in its last convulsion, would press the trigger, and, hit or miss, Johan was doomed. This the other knew well, and he gloated over his triumph, delaying its fulfillment that his enjoyment might be the more.

What was Carillo's amazement, what his delight, though tempered with awe, when he beheld behind the prostrate gipsy a dark form, sheathed in rusty steel, rise as it were out of the ground, reach one long iron arm over the vagrant's shoulder, and pluck away with its gauntlet the dreaded weapon. The gipsy turned his head to see his despoiler, when he beheld two fiery eyes gleaming out of the fine holes in the vizor of a dragon-crested helmet.

"The Wizard Knight!" gasped he, "the sorcerer Count of the Castle!"

The stranger lifted his visor, but, as he did this with his right hand, his arm and its broad elbow-plate prevented Carillo seeing his face. Yet the old gipsy saw it plainly enough, and the visage must have been unearthly, for he gasped almost unintelligibly: "The dead—alive!" and, stretching out his whole frame in a violent spasm, he died, plucking up the rank grass with his dying hands. The stranger stooped over the dead face, and seemed to start in some surprise himself. Had Johan been nearer, he might have distinguished these words, muttered in the hollow of his closing visor:

"The cuthroat of the battlefield in 1520! O God! how inscrutable are thy ways!"

The moon had risen high enough for some of the reflected glimmer to fall upon the ruins. Johan, with increased awe, gazed on his befriender, unable to find voice to thank him. He was tall and powerful, completely clad in steel, even to the boots—a heavy suit, such as few men would care to carry while on horseback, but this knight strode along as easily as a courtier in silk. Familiar as he was with the fashions in armor, Johan at once perceived that this was no chevalier of his day—at least forty or fifty years before, plate of this shape and ornamentation was in vogue. The helmet, in particular, was extraordinarily strong, speaking of the age when two-handed swords, axes and maces were toys in warriors hands, while, later, perfection in weapons of offense made ability supersede sheer strength and endurance. Upon the head a hideous dragon, with expanded wings, seemed to fly at an opponent, while his tail, once ingeniously composed of a floating plume, reaching to the mounted man's crupper, was a yard-long tress of black hair, fine as a woman's, which it may have been, indeed. Splendid as this suit once was, there was sadness in now examining it; for the gilding was tarnished or worn off, the jeweled coat of arms upon the breast utterly defaced, and rust stained it indelibly, looking like splashes of blood. In the daylight, one would have laughed at this neglected armor; in the moonlight, the very wretchedness had a solemnity of its own. It seemed to be the garb of a dead warrior who had risen from a battle-field trench.

The pistol had fallen from his hand. He pointed to it. Johan advanced and picked it up. It was an exquisite piece of mechanism, with the Cupids of Aldobrandi Lodare of Brescia stamped on the silver-damascened plate of the lock. The stranger waved for Johan to follow, pointing below to the gipsy fires, to intimate that with them in sight he was not safe. They were presently at the castle-moat, down the steep side of which, with the nimbleness and sure-footedness of a goat, the knight descended, to the amazement of Johan, to whom this progress of an armored man was miraculous. But his eyes being cleared of their awe, he believed that he could see a sort of path marked out along the steep, and he ventured. Half rolling, half running, he reached the bottom.

In olden days, by some machinery long since broken and disappeared, water had been toilsomely pumped to this height, and filled the thirty-feet deep trench. Now it was dry, and innumerable conies burrowed among the crumbling stones and entangled vines. The weird guide at once crossed to the other side of the cutting, and, though all was intensely dark there in the depths, he found without difficulty a huge revolving stone sealing up a passage-way, into which he plunged, without beckoning on Johan, as though confident he would follow. The latter, though fearing that it was no road to the rescue of his beloved, was for the time being too much unsettled in mind to disbelieve the apparition of the ancient Castle of Toledo thronged thickly upon him and confused his senses. Who could be so much at home in that dreary dwelling of the snake and bat as the former master? If anyone had power to walk that accursed spot on earth, it must be the lord condemned to horse and hound. Johan could credit his reason, he had before him the demon-knight in his habit as he lived. That gliding, noiseless tread, that power by which stones yawned to let him pass, that faculty of seeing his way in darkness—these were supernatural incidents. Johan knew them not, but followed spellbound through passages and by windings, all of which seemed interminable; damp walls to either hand, dripping vaults above, and slippery slabs beneath. Now and then, when a fissure in the ceiling let in the moonlight, Carillo saw his unearthly guide gliding in advance of him, other whiles, he could only suspect his precedence.

At last a faint light pervaded the narrow slit in the thick outer wall by which they were traveling. In another minute they found themselves debarred from further progress. Further ways were there none, fallen buttresses left an opening, a shaft down which the moonlight filtered. Before them, free of ruin, was a wall of trimmed stones, exquisitely fitted. In one, of the height of a man, a ring was bolted. The Wizard Knight motioned that Johan was to grasp it and draw it to him. He did so, and it came out in his hand a conical stone, fitting into a socket neatly. A small round hole was left at the end of the cavity thus disclosed. Johan peered in at this spy-hole, and started with horror and amazement. He was peeping into a square box of stone, noisome and forbidding by reason of its emptiness. In one corner, whereon fell the moon, a heap of bones, imperfectly veiled by moldering rags, was gleaming. In their midst, disturbed lately by some violent agent, the fine bones of a small hand seemed to point heavenward, as in appeal from unjust doom. A jeweled ring glittered still on one fragment. This was appalling, and yet fascinating.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIX WEEKS A NIGGER SINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARCHIE BREMNER.

It should be placed upon the record that every person has at some period of life felt an unquenchable yearning to be an actor. There are possibly some exceptions; but any such have been "called" to be musicians, and the probabilities are that the exceptional class have succeeded in inflicting the most misery upon their fellow-mortals. This general statement of fact must stand as an excuse—as it is the only one that can be offered—for the distress we inflicted upon our country cousins when we resolved that an "Atlantic Minstrel" troupe was necessary to the world's welfare. We did so resolve, and the company was duly organized. There was a little talent in the party—probably as much as would be found among any dozen persons selected, not from any special fitness, but merely because of their hankering to strut behind the glare of the footlights. C. Scorchem was appointed to shake up the dry bones, Abe Rimmer presided at the tamborine, and a lady whom I may—I trust without offense—designate as Alk Lark, officiated as middle "man." Besides these three shining lights—two of whom appeared as "shades"—there were in the company Mlle. Joss De Moree, balladist, serio-comic vocalist, and the only lady fitted to wear the mantle of the late lamented Terpsichore; Belle Monte, the lady whose coming greatness had driven Jenny Lind into retirement, and who could sing as well (indeed as otherwise; Beer Harris, a gentleman who had appeared in his Teutonic warblings before all the crowned heads of Europe—had heard anything about him. In addition to these, there was a full and complete band of strings, reeds, two cornets and a piccolo, and all the other accessories requisite to render it the most extensive and talented company then traveling. ("For particulars see small bills" "too numerous to mention.") The troupe being thus organized, a rehearsal was in order, and it was duly called by the manager, who knew from long years of managerial duties as an elephant knows of throwing its trunk out of a hotel window—and possibly less. Assembled in the hall, each male member of the company wanted to be created stage-manager—mainly, I suppose, because each one of us had the least idea of what such a functionary is supposed to do under that high sounding title. The choice finally fell upon Scorchem, and it is hardly necessary to say that, before the rehearsal was half over, he was the least satisfied of all with the arrangement. However, he was blessed with perseverance, and the course of events all was made ready for the inaugural performance. One of the cornets had exchanged his instrument for a violin, and with two blackened faces and nine wildly-throbbing hearts we "began the evening's entertainment with the introductory overture," to speak in the language of our "Ethiopian" interlocutor. Johan, in fact of each and every instrument keeping distinct time of its own—the bones and tamborine meanwhile serving to execute the variations—was merely taken as an indication of the versatility of the performer, and was applauded accordingly. The overture was a success, and the whole evening was of a piece with the overture, which one—never mind which one—of the end-men termed the "overshoe." And he had the barefaced cheek to call that misapplication of language an original joke. You see, we were fast acquiring professional habits! Encouraged by the singing, the cornet was too sharp, the piccolo too flat, and the violin out of tune; and for the dancing the "time" was nowhere; but is not this a common enough circumstance, even in the best-regulated theatres, when the performers don't just exactly "make their hook?" At I say, our singing was a success, so much so that we were induced by universal request to prolong our stay to five nights where we had originally been billed for only two. Malicious-minded morta's may insinuate that we played the additional three nights to raise sufficient money to carry us out of town, and in so doing stumbled upon the original knowledge of things in general and "snap parties" in particular. At the next stand we struck oil—literally, not figuratively, it being avillage in an oil region, where everything on the hotel-table smelt of oil except the butter, which appeared to have a leaning towards the scent of blubber. In this town salary-day arrived, but for all practical purposes it might as well have stopped away. There was a prospect of a lively row, but the leading performers were inclined to take things philosophically, and so the incipient insurrection was quietly hushed over. Perhaps the fact that the leading performers sold tickets and kept the door prior to the raising of the curtain may explain their indifference regarding salary. Who knows? Besides, weren't we all performers? Didn't the sports around town cultivate our acquaintance, take us out driving, treat us to drinks and cigars, and tell us whose names to mention in our local gags? And didn't the ones whose names we mentioned come around to the hotel the next day with a big club to demand an explanation; and when the required explanation was given, didn't they smile blandly and ask us to take something? Of course they and we did respectively, and everything went on famously. But all pleasures are transient, and even the inexpressible felicity of grinning at a motley crowd of people over a leviathan collar, with a blackened face by way of contrast, becomes monotonous, to put it mildly, when no appreciable amount of wealth accrues therefrom. A full realization of this fact caused the disbandment of the company, never again to be reorganized. Such of us as had friends wrote them for money, such as were not so blessed begged, borrowed or sto—hypothecated money, and a few went to work in the town in which the "Atlantics" gave their final performance—one as chambermaid in a livery stable, another as foreman in a "peck" dispensary, and a third became a practitioner at the bar, taking the side where the most money is made. Now that the years have flown, we can afford to laugh at our youthful folly. Those who have settled down into staid and sedate citizens can resolve to some day settle up the unliquidated hotel and printers' bills, as they tell their children how once they were actors; while those who have climbed high in the profession—and not a few have done so—can remember with gratitude their first encore, gained while roaming through the country as a member of the "Atlantic Minstrel Troupe."

The King of Trumps.

Of Edmund Hoyle—the writer of treatises on games of chance, including, among others, whist, piquet, quadrille, and backgammon, and whose name has become so familiar as to be immortalised in the well-known proverb, "According to Hoyle"—little more is known than that he appears to have been born in 1672, and died in Cavendish square, London, on the 29th of August, 1769, at the advanced age of 97. In *The Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1743, we find among the list of promotions, "Edmund Hoyle, Esq., made by the Primate of Ireland Register of the Prerogative Court there, worth £600 per annum." From another source we learn that he was a barrister by profession. His treatise on whist, for which he received from the publisher £1,000, was first published in 1743, and attained such a popularity that it ran through five editions in a year, besides being extensively pirated. He has even been called the inventor of the game of whist, but this is certainly a mistake, though there can be no doubt that it was indebted to him for being first treated of and introduced to the public in a scientific manner. It first began to be popular in England about 1730, when it was particularly studied by a party of gentlemen who used to assemble in the Crown Coffee-house in Bedford row. Hoyle is said to have given instructions in the game, for which his charge was a guinea a lesson.

MY CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Some folks are fond o' Irish stew,
And some love sausage, some ragout,
While other folks, and not a few,
Love good fat mutton;
The South-sea Islanders prefer
A European, "fat and fair,"
Juicy, and rich and ripe. O rare,
Luxurious gluiton!

The Alderman loves well to dine
On turtle, venison, and wine,
I'ill stuffed and gorged like greedy swine
Or greasy savage.
Fat beef John Bull delights to see;
The Frenchman, frogs and fricassee;
But give, ye gods! O give to me
Fat pork and cabbage!

JOHN SWINGER.

THE SEVEN WHISTLERS.

A Warwickshire Collier's Legend.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

In the old, old days, when what are now cities were paltry towns, and the present towns were groups of hovels, there was a little hamlet near Tamworth. All the country roundabout was covered with wild woods, belonging to the grim lords who dwelt in their castles. Though there was plenty of fallen boughs, the trees could not be cut by the poor people, and their only way of warming themselves was often to blow on their fingers, as Adam did.

At that time there was a man in the hamlet who did a little blacksmithing. His name was Martin, and, because he was black and grimy from the smoke of his forge, he was nicknamed "Swart," and, because again he was fond of strolling and looking about him, he was known as "The Seeker."

One Winter evening, as he was belated in the woods, whither he had gone to collect twigs for his firing, he espied a red light in the distance through the trees. It was freezing, and his teeth were chattering like pebbles on a beach; so he turned that way. Soon he came upon a hut, through the cracks in the door of which the plentiful firelight streamed. The glow of the torches in the castle hall at Christmas was but poor beside it, thought Martin. Anybody but him, with his strong propensity for poking his nose into every new scene, would have turned and ran, especially as nobody had known this part of the forest to be peopled. But he strode up to the door and opened it.

There was a tremendous blazing fire on the broad hearth, clear and bright, and yet it was not made of wood, turf, straw, dry leaves, or the like, but of black stones. Seven dwarfs, black as the strange fuel itself, but with broad, jolly faces, were sitting round the fire, with their sooty toes merrily toasting. They were all engaged in whistling such a singular tune that Martin was a little frightened, but such an engaging one that he stopped still on the threshold. Besides, Martin had a fist as tough as iron, and his cudgel was in his grasp. Then he began to be surprised at the stones burning so well when he could hardly keep his fire alight to heat iron. So he pulled the door to behind him, went forward and said in the usual way:

"Luck to the house! May I have a warm?"

One of the seven little men nodded; and, seeing a large lump of the black rock amongst the party, Martin sat himself down, knee to knee with a couple of them. He looked round at them, while they eyed him curiously and chuckled and grinned together.

"Without offense, masters, what stuff are you burning there?" he asked.

The dwarf who was next to him on the right laughed from ear to ear, and, pointing downwards with his sable thumb, said:

"Wouldn't it be rich for you men to know that there are treasures down below outweighing gold and diamonds?"

"Very round your cellar is, under the very logs heaps of black stones, which burn like so many pine-knots. A day is coming when these stones will make wagons roll without horses, ships sail without masts, and men live on the cream and fat of the land in joy and prosperity."

"And ships going without sails?" laughed two others in a breath.

"And wagons rolling without horses? ha, ha!" observed the seventh, hugging himself in his smutty, hairy arms.

"And what would he say," concluded the first speaker mockingly, "if it was known that when he shall have taken away, bit by bit, all the king's estate, his reign will be over and the fat be in the fire?"

"Eh! eh! what king are you talking about?" exclaimed Martin.

When suddenly a piercing whistle, seven times as sharp and loud as all the others united, resounded. Up jumped the seven dwarfs as lively as squirrels, and sprang through the flame into a large hole behind it, which the blacksmith had not perceived.

"I should like to see the end of this!" cried he; and with that he bounded into the gap, which was a bottomless wellhole.

He could not tell how long he was falling, for all was dark; but finally he alighted on solid ground. It was a round cavern, whence diverged long, low passages, like the felloes of a wheel. Numberless stars were flitting about, which were more of the black dwarfs, each one wearing tongues of fire on his forehead. Some were splitting fragments off the black walls, others loading little carts with them, and others again dragging them away. They were working with incomparable skill and agility, laughing, calling, and frisking about like so many monkeys.

"What on earth are you up to, masters?" inquired Martin, staring.

"On the earth? *Under* the earth, you mean," said one of the miners, stopping politely in the middle of a vast circle in an air he was whistling, with many bobs and nods and capers.

"Well, what under the earth are you doing?"

"If that was known, the master would have no more amusement."

"Eh! what master?" asked Martin eagerly.

"Better go ask him! better go ask him!" whistled and sang the dingy rogues in chorus.

"So I will!" answered the blacksmith, gripping his cudgel and diving into the main passage behind a train of wagons.

The passage opened on a vast plain, where there were heaps of the black stones. In the middle was a round pool of inky water. Over on the other side, on a pyramid of the stones, was seated an ugly black dwarf, with a jet sceptre and a fiery crown, and he was staring at the pool of water. What he saw in it must have afforded him much sport, for he whistled lightly, grinned, chuckled, lolled out his tongue over his blubber lips, and roared to split with laughter.

All at once he whistled loudly, and the echoes carried the shrill call to every gallery. The dwarfs dropped their tools, squatted down, and fell to eating and drinking. Seven of their chiefs, whom Martin recognized as having been in the forest hut, waited upon the superior, spreading a mantle of molekin over a smooth, bright piece of stone, and covering it with eatables. The air was smoky and warm, and smelt strongly of gas; still Martin could manage to breathe. He skirted the pool, staring at it all the while, but it was not until he had got round almost to where the jolterheaded monarch was enthroned that he found out what his perplexity was looking at. In fact, the black pool reflected with a magnifying effect the motes in a ray of light which came down from the upper world through a gap in the cavern roof. In this magical looking-glass all sorts of relics were reflected, but none of them very entertaining to a man with a feeling heart. A widow hugging her child to her bosom, to warm her against the biting January wind; wretched slaves dragging heavy loads up the road to an airy castle; horses agonizing in clumsy harness with overtasking vehicles at their tails; boats swamped in an angry sea, which had broken their masts—in short, every poor beast toiling for the benefit of a cruel few, and their work never at an end.

By this time the king, licking his chops hungrily, was about to begin his meal; but, seeing the stranger, he stopped short, his mouth full, and dropped from a ladle, with which he was filling a cup from a kettle over a fire made of the eternal black stone. He looked so stupid that, spite of his ugliness and savage air, the blacksmith was really not daunted.

"Is my parts," said he, boldly walking up to the table and snatching up the cup of soup, "we ask all strangers who drop in, to drink. *Wassail!* Here's your lordship's very good health!"

But at the first sip the liquor had such a nauseous, pitchy taste, that he flung it, cup and all, smack into the fire under the kettle. Instead of its putting out the flames, as any honest, respectable, human drink would have done, it only fed them. They shot up to a great height, and a thousand others kindled here, there and everywhere. There was a deafening explosion, through which shrieked the black dwarf's infernal whistle, and poor Martin, blinded and bewildered, fell in a swoon. He fancied he heard, however, a voice hissing:

"Not yet! not yet! The Seeker has not found it out!"

He thought, too, that he was being rolled up in a sheet of lead, and that he was sleeping for ages in total blackness. When he came to his senses he found himself in the woods. The waning moon was giving place to the dawn, but it was still Winter, and no birds were in song. Martin rubbed his eyes, and tried to collect his thoughts.

"A curious dream I have had," he said. "I am full of cramps and chills. I am as big a fool as the Earl's jester to take a nap when it's cold enough to make an icicle of a cup of boiling ale. Won't Dame Joan be in a fret and fume about her Martin, though?"

So up he scrambled to hasten home. Strange to say, he did not know where he was. In the spots where the thicket had been densest the night before, clearings spread out, and the whole forest seemed to have been generously thinned. He blundered about like a headless beetle, and chanced upon a pretty fair road with his weary, tottering tread. In half an hour he reached a village. This was the more surprising, as his native place was more than two hours' walk from the hut where the seven whistlers had welcomed him in. There was a large house, an inn, with a post before it, on which swung a board painted with a bear and a knotted club. A wagoner was watering his horses at a large trough. The blacksmith had known the one or two men who drove cattle in carts for the lord of the manor; but this one was no acquaintance of his.

"What's this place?" inquired he.

"Wedderbrone, graybeard," was the reply in a way of speech which was unfamiliar to the blacksmith.

He did not understand, either,

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

HOW A PLUCKY BACHELOR WON A WAGER.

One of the best-looking and most sought-after young business men in Utica had his gallantry put to a severe test Friday. A charming married lady to a severe test Friday. A charming married lady friend wagered $15 with him that he dare not carry her baby through Genesee street from Bagg's to Oneida square. Whether the gentleman felt particularly brave and happy after his enjoyment of Thanksgiving festivities, or for some other reason, we know not; but certain it is that he accepted the challenge and carried the baby, but—such work as he made of it! The baby in question is the prettiest little seven months mortal in Utica. Its father is one of the wittiest and finest-looking men in the county, but the baby gets its loveliest charms from its mother. The boy is the pride of its parents' hearts, and, if kisses would stick, its tips would be covered with rock candy to the depth of six inches every day. The young gentleman who was challenged envies the father, mother, and baby every day of his life. When he started out from Bagg's Hotel with the chirping cherub in his arms, his face was rosy with blushes and radiant with happiness. The mother and other friends of the child were to follow in a carriage, to see that the task was completed according to the terms of the wager, and they did not lose sight of the feller for a moment. At the outset the child weighed about twenty-five pounds. The supposed father and his elegantly-dressed baby attracted general attention upon the business portion of Genesee street. The gentlemen's friends were not certain that they had heard of his marriage, and he had been seen at the Opera-house frequently of late, and each time with a different charmer; but this must have been owing to the absence of his wife and—the baby, probably. While conversation after this style was going on in the stores, the bachelor reached the City Hall, and at that particular moment he was ready to assert that the child weighed seventy-five pounds. From this point upward was the tug of war. The hour chosen was one in which he generally takes an airing, and all of his window friends expected to see him, but—not with a baby. Then the baby commenced to get uneasy, and it was hard work to hold it out at arm's length and call it "Sweety," "Ducky," "Darling," etc. Three or four merry maidens in an up-town residence rustled the curtains in such a manner that the perspiring toiler knew that he was seen; but do well or do ill, he was bound to win, and win he did. Those who witnessed the affair in all of its stages say that it was difficult to tell at times whether the child was upright or reversed, perpendicular or horizontal, for the reason that its position was changed so frequently. Its ordinarily sweet voice was harsh and crisp before Cottage street was reached; and but for the true grit which the gentleman possessed and the love he bears for the baby, it is believed that the baby would have been tossed into a convenient fountain—anything for a change. All the young ladies upon Genesee street seemed to be standing in their windows as he passed. Opposite Eagle street he met a lady friend in a carriage, and then and there the baby weighed a full ton. When the mother received her darling child from the hands of the brave one, cold and huge drops of perspiration poured from every pore of his face; his necktie was gone and his collar unbuttoned. The distance to the Philadelphia mint would not tempt him to return down the street with a similar accompaniment. The wager was paid, and the mother and her baby rode down town, while the brave bachelor wended his way back to his place of business through Park avenue and other quiet streets, soothing, Jockey Club alone, the next time he carries a baby through Genesee street his friends may be certain that it is his own, and that the other stockholder in the cherub is within reach.—*Utica* (N. Y.) *Herald*, Nov. 30.

SUPPOSED TRIPLE ELOPEMENT.

One of the most extraordinary elopements lately recorded is the main topic of gossip among the people of the city of Orange, N. J. Several months ago John Haines became agent in that city for a sewing-machine company, placed his wife and two children in the three years and the other ten months—in a boarding-house in Caldwell, a suburb of Newark—in order to be nearer his place of business, procured accommodations for himself in the house of a Mrs. Smith, who keeps a boarding-house on Snyder street, in Orange proper. While residing there he became acquainted with the handsome wife of a well-to-do carpenter named George Roach, who resided in the neighborhood. His attentions to her finally became so marked as to elicit unfavorable comment, and Roach forbade him the house. Tuesday afternoon last Haines visited his wife in her Caldwell home, and told her that he desired her to take the same house with himself, and had made arrangements for her accommodation in the house of Mrs. Smith. He wished her to move down on the following day, and, in order that the labor of moving might be as light as possible for her, he would take their two children into the house with him that afternoon. Mrs. Haines gathered and packed up the clothing of the little ones, and with them and their baggage he went away. When Mrs. Haines went to Mrs. Smith's house, on the following day, she was astonished to learn that neither her husband nor the children had been at the house since his visit to Caldwell, and that no preparations had been made for her entertainment. Bewildered and unable to understand what this meant, she wandered back to the Orange Railroad Depot and met Mr. Roach, who was in a high state of excitement. He informed her that her husband and the children, accompanied by Mrs. Roach and a woman named Rose Merrill, had gone to New York on a Morris and Essex train on Tuesday night. Neither Mrs. Roach nor Mr. Haines has since been in Orange. Roach armed himself with a six-shooter and started out in search of his wife. He declares that he will shoot Haines on sight. The fact that Rose Merrill accompanied the flying party indicates another elopement. A man named Herndon, living in East Orange, some time ago disappeared from his home. His wife had been previously afflicted with some disease, and the shock produced by her husband's flight has brought her to the point of death. Rose Merrill and Herndon are said to have been very intimate, and it is supposed that she is on her way with Haines, in Canada, whither, in the mean time, all the parties have fled. The affair has created a great sensation in the two Oranges, where all the parties are well known.—*N. Y. Times*, Nov. 30.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Birmingham, Eng., papers report that the Wednesbury Parish Church has been the scene of a wedding, solemnized—if there could be any solemnity in such a display of excited feeling as took place—under circumstances of a very exceptional character, and painful to be recorded. The bridal pair were Mr. Adam Smith, described as a chemist, of Great Hampton street, Birmingham, and Miss Emma Pritchard, daughter of Mr. Thomas Pritchard, tube-maker, Wednesbury. Long before the hour fixed for the ceremony immense crowds of people began to assemble, and immediately upon the opening of the doors the church was thronged with spectators, it being computed that at least 2,000 persons were within the building, in addition to perhaps as many more outside. On the arrival of the wedding party the bridegroom was received by hootings and other strong manifestation of popular indignation, and, as it soon appeared, by the report that he had played the part of a false and fickle lover under very aggravated circumstances. Before the ceremony commenced a conveyance and pair drove up from Birmingham containing two ladies and two gentlemen, and announced the distressed appearance and passionate grief of one of the former at once pointed her out to the crowd as the deserted one. The church door had been closed against her and her friends, but, taking advantage of its being reopened to admit one of the officials, they obtained admission. At the judicious words from the clerk (Mr. Parkes) as to the serious consequences of "brawling" in church subdued their excitement and restrained their indignation somewhat; but as the ceremony went on, the principal of the two ladies passionately declared, her tears flowing freely all the time, that she (the speaker) had been the man who stood at the altar as a wife. A murmur of sympathy ran through the auditory, and seemed about to burst into an angry shout, when again the clerk interposed and comparative quiet was restored. With such an accompaniment as this, and others of a like character, it may be imagined that the wedding ceremony was a trying ordeal both to the bride and bridegroom, especially the former. On the party leaving the church, a tremendous outburst of groaning and discordant noises took place, and not a few of those assembled showed a disposition to mob the bride-groom, but with some little difficulty he and his newly-made wife and their attendants got away without any serious harm.

HIGH-PRICED ADULTERY.—The case of Wilson against Dr. Wait, at Pittsfield, Mass., for the seduction of his wife, has been decided by a verdict of $10,000 damages, from which it is thought the Doctor will appeal, as excessive. The fact that he had received $18,000 or so from Wilson for "medical attendance" of Mrs. Wilson had much weight with the jury. Mrs. Wilson's testimony was very strong and convincing. She is a dark, small lady, with a clear, bold, determined eye, of not disagreeable person, but very far from possessing the attractions which would be likely to seduce the affections of a cultivated gentleman. It is said that from September to October, 1867, the Doctor tried his arts upon her, and she finally yielded, under the influence of the Doctor's physiological power, on October 7. From this time their illicit intercourse continued without interruption until September 19, 1873. In order to conceal this intimacy, Dr. Wait procured an abortion upon her in the Summer of 1868, and threw the child's body into the Housatonic River, at a spot which, to her horror, he coolly pointed out on one of their frequent drives. Subsequently, an attempted abortion failing, a child was born September 25, 1873. After this there were two other successful attempts to conceal their sin, as before. All this time her husband was entirely unsuspicious of what was passing. Mrs. Wilson said she was attacked with frequent qualms of conscience, and felt that she must confess her sin, but was influenced, as she alleges, by alternate threats, entreaties and professions of love, not to do it. The husband, she said, was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and the visits of Dr. Wait were often made when he was attending the prayer-meetings or the Sunday-school at Berkshire village, in which he was a teacher. Her intercourse with him had been arranged between them to take place every Wednesday and Sunday. It occurred on these days whenever he was in town and neither of them was sick.—*Exchange.*

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—Ever since the existence of the common law, parties about to be married have not unfrequently made private arrangements to protect the wife from the wholesale wrong and loss which the law inflicts. Occasionally the sense of the injustice of the legal position of the wife has been too great to be borne in silence, and a public protest has been made. Such a case occurred the other day at a wedding ceremony performed by James Freeman Clarke. The bride-elect, an unusually gentle woman, saw no way to assume a legal marriage and keep her self-respect except by publicly expressing her total disapproval and rejection of the inequality which the common law imposes upon a wife. The bridegroom, a true and worthy man, cordially united with her in the same feeling and in its expression. Accordingly, before the solemn ceremony which bound each by the same solemn promises was said, the following protest was read: "We, the undersigned, desire to unite our lives in marriage: but believing this relation, as usually considered and legally defined, to be unequal, and therefore unjust in the conditions imposed upon the wife, do, therefore, agree to have our marriage sanctioned in the accustomary form, but with the following protest against its inequality. Our marriage implies no approval of the unequal conditions imposed upon wives concerning the ownership of property and its disposal. We regard marriage as a permanent partnership of equals with reciprocal rights and duties, and we denounce the accepted opinion which holds the wife to be an appendage to the husband. We believe that the custom which demands that the wife shall give up her own name and assume that of her husband is but an embodiment of the idea of subjection, and we hereby express our hearty disapproval thereof, and our determination to conform to no such usage."—*The Woman's Journal.*

A BRUTAL RUFFIAN LYNCHED.—On Saturday night last, says a dispatch from Memphis, Tenn., dated Dec. 2, Isaac Ruffin met Melissa Adams, both colored, in the woods near Marion, Arkansas, and, after outraging her, attempted to kill her with a knife. In the scuffle which ensued she knocked the knife out of his hand, and he was unable to find it in the dark. After beating her until he thought she was dead, he went to her father's house near by, and told him Melissa was waiting at the gate for Maggie, her young sister, to help her carry her basket. He then left, and Maggie, going to the gate, found Ruffin there, who seized her, violated her person, and fled. He was arrested on Monday and placed in jail, and that night sixty armed negroes brought Ruffin out, took him a short distance and shot him dead, his body being literally riddled by bullets.

MARRIED ON HORSEBACK.—A few days ago, says *The Christiansburg* (Va.) *Messenger*, a smiling pair entered our town to be joined in happy wedlock, when, to their great surprise, and greater regret, no parson could be found. Being thus constrained to return to their neighborhood, while on their way imagine their joy when lo! coming in the distance was discerned a figure the bearing and contour of which gave indication of an approaching "locust preacher." The couple soon quickened the speed of their ponies, and soon met face to face the saintly parson. Their mission being told, the grave parson, seated in his saddle, with uncovered head, upon the public highway, rehearsed the marriage ceremony to the joyful pair upon horseback, pronounced them man and wife, and sent them on their way galloping.

EDWIN KENWIN has been sentenced to six months in the House of Correction, Massachusetts, for an indecent assault on Mary Bevine of Fitchburg, whom he was escorting from a firemen's ball a few evenings ago.

THE TURF.

TURF RETROSPECTS OF 1874.

During the past season of 1874, the fast-time records in both racing and trotting have undergone numerous changes, and the year just closing will long be regarded as a memorable one in the history of the American turf. A brief review of the prominent events therein may therefore not be without interest to our readers.

The legitimate racing season is usually regarded as commencing with the New Orleans Spring Meeting, held under the auspices of the Louisiana Jockey Club in April. At this meeting old Ortolan, Harry Basset's fleet half-brother, distinguished himself by winning three races in succession in good company and fast time; but the effort seems to have exhausted his powers, for he has not been worth anything since. The success of Bonaventure in the Pickwick and Fortunate Stakes, and of Bay Rum and Lotta Moon, seemed to augur favorably for Capt. Cottrill's Mobile stable in the coming campaign, and to indicate that his luck was about to change. Such hopes, however, were not realized; for, although the Ladies' Stakes at Jerome Park, and the West-end Hotel Stakes at Long Branch fell to Bonaventure, the other representatives of the contents of the Bay Rum, Harry Felter, First Chance, Bannerette, and Sally Watson—failed to realize the high expectation their home-trials had raised. The Memphis meeting, which followed, introduced Stampede to the notice of turfmen, but few then imagined, when they saw this colt win Belle Meade Jockey Club purse, the first event of the season, and proved herself to be the best of Vandal's daughters. At this meeting Baltic Belle gave early promise of his future quality by winning the Chickasaw Stakes; but, going amiss soon after, was not able to fulfill any of his three-year-old engagements until the Fall of the year. The Lexington Spring Meeting introduced us to the great Tom Bowling in his four-year-old form, and his first race showed that Kentucky's equine idol still remained his immense speed; for, in a mile-and-a-half dash, he beat Jean Val Jean, and cut down the time record for that distance from 2:37¾ to 2:34¾. In this race Tom Bowling was timed the first mile in 1:41¾, and the two miles (run out by permission of the judges) in 3:27½. By a resolution of the Lexington Association the record was made official; but it is not considered so by turfmen as being authoritative for the decision of bets, as the race in which it was made was finished at a mile and a half. It was here that Aaron Pennington, Tom Bowling's half brother, made his debut on the turf, winning the Phœnix Hotel Stakes, one mile and an eighth, in the fast time of 1:57¼. The high hopes that this performance, and an extraordinary private trial, inspired in his friends, who anticipated seeing him sweep off all the great three-year-old stakes of the season, were not realized, for the Ocean Hotel Stakes at Long Branch is the only race he has since won this year. In the half-mile dash for two-year-olds, Leona reduced the time record to 49½ seconds, which continued unequaled until Olitipa, at Saratoga, eclipsed it with 47¾ seconds, when she won the Flash Stakes.

The venue now changes to Baltimore, where Culpepper carries off the Preakness Stakes, Carlina the Chesapeake Stakes, and Brigand the Three-year-old Stakes. In the Compensation Purse, mile heats, Dublin gave an inkling of his chance in the coming Withers Stakes at Jerome Park by winning the first heat from the flying Fadladeen in 1:44, and running the old horse to a head in the second heat in 1:44½. At Jerome Park, Survivor successfully inaugurated the campaign for the "white and crimson spots" by winning the Fordham Handicap from a large field that comprised such good horses as Artist, Mate, and Fellowcraft. Dublin carries Joe Donahue's colors to victory in the Withers Stakes, with Vandalite and Reform and eleven others behind him, and Shylock beats Vanderer and three others for the Westchester Cup, to the astonishment of the knowing ones. The beautiful filly Katie Pease shows her grand speed by beating Minnie Mac, Fadladeen, Kadi and a lot of others in a mile dash, and mile heats, and her gameness by cutting down Fellowcraft, Shylock and Medora in a two mile and a half race. Preakness, for the second year in succession, wins the Jockey Club Handicap, having Springbok next him; the time of the latter not yet having come. Saxon, most despised of outsiders, wins the rich Belmont Stakes, more through his jockey's artistic skill than his own merits; and Bonnets of Blue, unfeasant of by her owner or trainer, owing to having been dead amiss shortly before, astonishes everyone, galloping her four opponents to a standstill, and winning literally "in a walk." Springbok and mate then come together in a mile-and-three-quarter dash, and the deep-blue jacket goes down before blue and crimson belle, who thus avenges his defeat by Mate's stable companion the week before. Willie Burke wins the two-year-old purse, but few except his astute owner and trainer knew of the latent racing merit of the winner, or dreamt that to him would fall the rich Saratoga prize of Travers Stella, the new $1,600 purchase of Leonard, makes mincemeat of his seven rivals in the mile dash, and shows observant turfmen how great his chance is in his only three-year-old engagement, the Travers Stakes. Then comes Monmouth Park and its two successive meetings; during the first of which Brigand carries Mr. Sanford's colors to the front in the Jersey Derby, and turns the tables on his Belmont-stakes victor, Saxon. Tom Bowling wins the Monmouth Cup in a canter, and gallops away from Whisper and Ransom in the Mansion-house Stakes, a victory which proves his ultimate ruin. In the race he hit his leg badly, causing so severe an injury to the tendons that, after months of empirical treatment, which proved more fatal than the original injury, Tom Bowling, in the full flush of his brilliant career, is compelled to retire from the turf to the glorious ease of the stud. Attila gallops away from such fliers as Survivor, Vandalite, Artist, and Woodbine, in a mile and eighth dash, and Reform wins the Sequel Stakes, two miles, from Dublin, Vandalite, and others, in 3:37½, with 110lb up. Aaron Pennington shows his speed under high weight by winning the Ocean Stakes from Brigand; with a promising newcomer, Acrobat, third. Sweet Lips wins the Thespian, after running second to Calvin in the July Stakes, and Chesspeake sweeps off the August Stakes, and proves the McGrath stable to be in great force. Acrobat shows a disposition to mob the bridegroom by beating Aaron Pennington and Bannerette in the Robbins Stakes, and draws attention to his chances in the coming Travers Stakes.

Saratoga opens with a brilliant programme of sport for the two Summer meetings. Attila and Acrobat, erstwhile stable companions, but now in hostile interests, run a dead heat for the Travers Stakes, which, in running off, is won by the former after a desperate race from start to finish. Springbok beats Mate, Dublin and Survivor in the mile and quarter sweepstakes, and Olitipa reduces the half-mile record to 43¾ seconds in the Flash Stakes. Regardless carries Mr. Morris' colors to victory in the Alabama Stakes, and Willie Burke comes like a thunderbolt past his horses in the Saratoga Stakes, and wins by a length on the post from eleven antagonists. Springbok bears Col. McDaniel's colors in triumph in the Saratoga Cup, beating his former conqueror Preakness, Wanderer, and Katie Pease, who was started to assist him. The blue and-crimson belt continues in strong force; for Madge, although she was defeated in the Alabama Stakes, proves her racing merits by beating large fields in a mile, a mile and an eighth, and a three-quarter mile dash, running the last in 1:15¼, the fastest on record. Springbok again asserts his superiority over Mate at any distance by beating him as decidedly at two miles and an eighth as he had done at a mile and a quarter, and then defeats Preakness and Fellowcraft at three miles. Chesapeake wins the Kentucky Stakes from a large field of youngsters, but is ingloriously defeated a few days afterwards by Rhodamanthus and Vassal, owing to his fractiousness and disinclination to get off. Stampede beats Acrobat and Reform in the Kenner Stakes, and Fellowcraft cut down Katie Pease and Wanderer at two miles and a half. Wanderer turns the tables on them both the day after at two miles and a quarter, and then Gray Planet comes out, under unfavorable conditions of track and weather, and runs and wins his mile match against time in 1:42½. Reform and Fellowcraft make Thursday, Aug. 20, for ever memorable by their achievements; for the former cuts down the mile and three-quarter time record to 3:05¾, and Fellowcraft forever wipes out Lexington's four-mile record of 7:19¾, which for twenty years had stood unapproved, by beating Wanderer and Katie Pease in 7:19¼. Well may the Saratoga Race Association commemorate, by a marble testimonial, their Summer meeting of 1874, which had witnessed the previous fastest time records at three-quarters of a mile, one mile, one mile and three quarters, and four miles, all beaten over their course.

Buffalo comes next with its inaugural race meeting, which is memorable only for Katie Pease making the fastest time at two miles and a half—4 (27)—on the Jerome Park Fall Meeting indicates that the racing season is fast drawing to a close. Acrobat wins the Jerome Stakes, the most important race of the meeting, in a common canter from Madge, Bannerette, Pennington, Brigand and Grinstead, and Olitipa repeats her Saratoga successes by fairly galloping away from such fast two-year-olds as Chesapeake, Rhodamanthus, James A. and Bayminster. Mate carries Mr. Sanford's colors to victory in both the Manhattan and Grand National Handicaps, and Madge beats Bonaventure and Vandalite in the Hunter Stakes. Catesby wins the Maturity Stakes, Aristides the Two-year-old Purse, and Ryder All the Champagne Stakes. Grinstead exhibits his fine speed under light weight by cutting down large and good fields at one mile and a half and a mile and three-quarters. Vandalite wins the Annual Stakes for three-year-olds with such ease as to make her Dixie-stakes backers more sanguine than ever; and Acrobat wins the $1,000 purse, two miles and a half, from Wildidle and Whisper, under circumstances that prove him to be a most extraordinary horse. Then Baltimore, the closing meeting of the season, once more beckons turfmen to its beautiful racecourse. Here Harry Bassett, once more brought on the turf, wins his first victory of the season by beating fifteen opponents in a mile dash in 1:44¾, thus showing that he retains his old speed. Vandalite comes out, and, making her own running throughout, wins the rich Dixie Stakes, two miles, in 3:35½, from fourteen opponents, following up her success by winning the Breckinridge Stakes, two miles, in 3:36, and with perfect ease. Bannerette and Lottie Moore throw a faint lustre on Capt. Cottrill's colors; the former beating Mate and two others in a two-mile heat race, and the latter winning a mile-heat race in the fast time of 1:45, 1:45¼. Mr. Sanford wins the Central Stakes for two-year-olds with Pinework, and a rolling race with Prospector. Balinkeel atones for his defeat in the Dixie Stakes by winning the Free Handicap, two miles and a half, in the fast time of 4:31¾, and Aristides wins the two-year-old purse, one mile, in 1:44¾, which is the fastest time on record at the distance for a two-year-old. Truly, the racing time-record has undergone many changes in the memorable season of 1874.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

The unfinished trotting match for $200, between J. Splan's b. g. Cheston, under saddle, and J. Murphy's s. g. Sorrel Jake, in harness, postponed from the previous Saturday to Monday, Nov. 30, was decided on that day. Cheston, at the time of postponement, had two heats to his credit, and Sorrel Jake one, with a dead heat between them. On resuming the race, Cheston had the call in the betting, but little business was done by the pooleller. He won the deciding heat easily in 2:47½.

On Wednesday, Dec. 2, three trots came off on this track. The first was a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, between Dan Mace's b. m. Clara G. and running mate and John Murphy's b. m. Lady Dahlman, under saddle. The team had the call at $40 to $30, and continued so all through the race, although Dan Mace purposely dropped two heats to make the betting better for his backers. Lady Dahlman won the second and fourth heats in 2:29¼, 2:32, and Clara G. the first, third and fifth heats and race; time, 2:28¾, 2:28½, 2:38. The second race was a sweepstakes of $400, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between J. Lynch's b. g. Sherman, P. Fleming's gr. g. Willie, T. Trimble's b. m. Lady Trimble, and J. Murphy's s. g. Sorrel Jake. Willie was made the favorite over the field, but his backers caught a heavy facer, for Sherman outtrotted him for speed, outstaid him, and won the race in three straight heats; time, 2:41, 2:42, 2:42. The third race was a sweepstakes of $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between J. Murphy's bk. g. Black Hawk, J. P. Deery's gr. g. Jerry, and J. Haslett's br. g. Jericho. Black Hawk was the favorite, and, after Jerry had won the first heat, he went to work and won the next three heats and the race. Time, 2:39, 2:52, 2:53½, 2:50½.

On Thursday, Dec. 3, two matches were trotted. The first was between E. Smith's b. g. Humpty Dumpty, in harness, and G. Walker's b. g. Tommy Moore, to wagon, for $400, mile heats, best three in five. Humpty Dumpty had the call in the pools, selling for $30 against Moore's $17. He won the first heat in 3:03¾, and the second in 2:52¼, but the third and fourth heats were won by Tommy Moore in 2:50, 2:46½, the latter now becoming the favorite in the betting. In the fifth heat Tommy Moore tired badly, and Humpty Dumpty won it and the race in 2:56.

The second race was a match for $300, mile heats, best three in five, between F. Loundes' b. m. Butcher-girl, to wagon, and B. Wilson's b. g. Pet, in harness. Betting was even at the start, but after Pet had won the first heat, in 3:11¼, he became the favorite at $50 to $30. Butcher-girl won the second heat in 3:07, and the odds became $20 to $10 on her. She won the third heat in 3:11¼, and made a dead heat of the fourth in 3:04¾. Pet then won the fifth heat in 3:05, but, quitting badly in the sixth heat, Butcher-girl won it in 3:07¾, and was awarded the race.

TROTTING AT DEERFOOT PARK, L. I.—A trotting match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, between H. Waterson's b. g. Boy, to wagon, and W. S. Thom's br. g. Phil O'Neil, in harness, came off on Wednesday, Dec. 2, at Deerfoot Park, L. I. The Boy had the call in the few pools sold on the race, which he won easily in four heats, Phil O'Neil taking the second of them. Time, 2:51¾, 2:49, 2:47¾, 2:51¾.

BASEBALL.

WORK FOR THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.

The Judiciary Committee of the National Association of Professional Baseball Players is shortly to hold an important meeting, to take action upon several cases which have come up for adjudication since the close of the season. The committee in question is composed of Messrs. N. E. Young, chairman; C. H. Porter, D. L. Reid, C. A. Hadel, and G. B. Hubbell, representatives of the Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Hartford Clubs, all of them gentlemen who will look at the best interests of the game solely in their action as members of the committee. Among the most important questions this committee will have to decide will be those involved in the cases in which the three players Miller of the Eastons, Force of the Chicagos, and Stearns of the Hartfords of 1874, are immediately concerned. Taking up these cases in order, we propose briefly to review the questions for the purpose of aiding the committee to arrive at a satisfactory decision in the matter. First comes

THE MILLER CASE,

in which is involved the question of the legality of contracts made between managers and players, wherein the strict letter of the Association rules is not observed. The circumstances of this case, in brief, are as follow: Miller, the very effective and reliable catcher of the Easton Club, on the 14th of October last signed a contract with Mr. Bishop of the St. Louis Club to play with that organization during 1874 for $1,200 the year. This contract was witnessed by Bradley, the swift pitcher of the Easton Club, whose name was embodied in the same contract, not only as party to the document, but also as a witness. By the printed rule of the Association governing the signing of such documents, it is necessary that the contract, to be legally binding, should be witnessed by one witness for each party, which was not done in this instance. Afterwards Miller was induced to sign another agreement with Captain Barnes of the Hartfords, and Mr. Hubbell of the Hartford Club, after he had asked leave to withdraw from his St. Louis engagement. Since then Miller has been interviewed by the St. Louis managers, and after the date of the Hartford contract he was induced to sign another paper with the St. Louis Club officials, which, he states, was antedated so as to take precedence of the Hartford contract. Miller recently explained his position to us, and from what he said it would appear that he has involved himself in his present difficulties partly from a desire to escape the very great temptation held out to him, and partly from a youthful lack of stability in being tempted to swerve from a right course. His engagement with the St. Louis Club was certainly one binding him in honor to that club, although not one legally compelling him to remain with them. The action of the Hartford officials appears to have been based upon the impression that Miller did not really want to go to St. Louis, and hence their drawing up a new contract with him. The effort on the part of the St. Louis gentlemen to nullify the Hartford document by the antedating of their second contract with Miller is one which morally weakens their position. As the case now stands, we see no other result than a decision in favor of Hartford, provided Miller can prove that the document dated Nov. 2 was not signed by him on that date.

Next on the docket comes

THE FORCE CASE,

and in this is involved the question of the legality of a player signing a contract re-engaging himself with the club he is serving, of which there can be no reasonable doubt. The circumstances of this case are briefly as follow: Sept. 7, Force signed a contract with the officials of the Athletic Club to play with them during 1875. How the Athletic managers came to induce him to violate the rules of the Association is a puzzle to us; but they did so, and Force appears to have acted as blindly in the matter as the Athletics. Afterwards Force was induced to sign another contract, this later being with the Chicago Club, the club he was then playing with. This document was signed on the 18th of September, and, unlike the previous contract, was legally binding; for, though he was prohibited from joining any other club until the close of his regular term of service, he was at liberty to contract with the club he was playing with. Another fact in connection with this case is, that Force's contract with the Chicago Club, made for 1874, does not expire until March 15, 1875, until which time he is legally bound to remain with that organization, or up to that date he remains a regular member of the club. There seems, therefore, to be no obstacle in the way of a prompt decision in this case in favor of the Chicago Club.

We now come to the third of the three important questions the committee will be shortly called upon to decide, and that is

THE STEARNS CASE.

In this is involved the important matter of expulsion from a club, the facts being as follow: Stearns, a few days before the actual close of the season, left the Hartford Club without leave, his term of service not having expired, though this season's play had practically ended. Singularly enough, his leaving at the time led to a victory which otherwise might not have been achieved. At any rate, the act was one which, while calling for rebuke, did not merit the severe penalty inflicted. The matter of expelling a player from a club is altogether too serious a business, and too damaging a penalty, to be trifled with. The object of the rule inflicting the penalty of expulsion was to put a stop to dishonorable or fraudulent conduct; to prevent any gross act of insubordination; and not to give to clubs an arbitrary control of players. The action of the Hartford Club in this Stearns case is altogether too stern; and, now that they have rebuked his action, the worthy thing for them to do is to revoke the order of expulsion.

There are other questions to be acted upon, but the above are the most prominent. We do not as yet know where the committee is to meet, but we hope it will be in this city.

BASEBALL IN ST. LOUIS.

An esteemed correspondent, writing from St. Louis, sends us a list of small-score games played in St. Louis, chiefly this past season, which fully show the marked improvement which has taken place in ball-playing in that city since we last visited St. Louis, during the tour of the National Club of Washington, in 1867. He says in his interesting communication: "We have had some jolly fine games, as the scores of some of the games played, given below, will show.

April 23,	Chicago (professional) vs. St. Louis Reds, at St. Louis	6 to 0
April 25,	Chicago (professional) vs. Empire, at St. Louis	6 4
June 27,	Western of Keokuk vs. Union, at St. Louis	7 4
June 28,	Empire vs. Rowena, at St. Louis	9 0
Aug. 2,	Western of Keokuk vs. Empire, at St. Louis	7 6
Aug. 17,	Mutual (professional) vs. Empire, at St. Louis	11 4
Aug. 29,	Empire vs. National, at St. Louis	8 6
Aug. 30,	Empire vs. Niagara, at St. Louis	8 7
Sept. 8,	Western of Keokuk vs. Empire, at Keokuk	9 2
Sept. 10,	Western of Keokuk vs. Empire, at Keokuk	6 3
Sept 20,	Empire vs. Western of Keokuk, at St. Louis	8 2
Oct. 4,	Empire vs. St. Louis Reds, at St. Louis	8 1
Oct. 18,	St. Louis Reds vs. Empire, at St. Louis	6 5
Oct. 25,	St. Louis Reds vs. Empire, at St. Louis	7 6
Nov. 8,	Empire vs. St. Louis Reds, at St. Louis	6 3

"There were other games played wherein the score on the winning side was less than 9 runs, but the games given are the most important ones, as crowds of from 5,000 to 12,000 assembled to see some of them played.

"The amateur clubs out West are some at wielding the willow, and at fielding too. Your Staten Islanders had to dance twice in St. Louis and once in Keokuk to much livelier tunes than they ever had to in the East. I cannot find out who will compose the new St. Louis Club yet, although your St. Louis team is nearly correct. It is said that we have got McMullin, sure pop. I doubt it. Sweasy, they say, will play 2d b. It may be so. I don't think the St. Louis Club will amount to much—guess you are about right in your comments. We will have three or four first-class amateur clubs next season; two of them will, I think, be able to whip our new professional club. Keokuk will have as good a club as any in the country. I know all the players, but have not got authority to publish them as yet. 'Twill be about thusly: Golden, p.; Barnie, c.; Simmons, 1st b.; Joe Miller, 2d b., as good as any of 'em; Kessler, s. s. and change c.; Goldsmith, 3d b.; Riley, l. f.; M. G. Pratt, c. f. and change p.; Quinn of Chicago Franklins, c. f. and change c; Baker, Lapham and Jones, subs. Golden will turn out to be as good a pitcher as Bond, Matthews or Cummings. Joe Miller can play 2d on a par with Barnes, Burdock, Ferguson or any of them. Riley is every bit as good as Cuthbert, York, Eggler, or any other man. I think Keokuk will have a soft thing on St. Louis and Chicago."

We trust that our correspondent will keep us posted in the matter of St. Louis baseball gossip, for we have an idea that that great city of the West will stir up Chicago on baseball in 1875.

THE HARTFORD CLUB RECORD.

We have received the following statistics of the season's play of the Hartford Club for 1874, which will be perused with interest by our baseball readers. Mr. Douglass says:

As promised, I send you the season's average of the Hartford B. B. C., giving a complete summary of their fielding and batting in professional championship games. Although the Nutmeg nine stood last on the list (leaving out the Baltimores), they played some very interesting matches, and some of their players have good individual records. It will be seen that they played one twelve-innings game, and one ten-innings, with the Philadelphia nine; also several small-score games, such as 2 to 1 with Atlantics, and 3 to 4 with the Mutuals. They were Chicagoed once by the Mutuals. The club made a fine start, winning its four first professional matches; but during the middle of the season trouble took place in the nine, caused by sickness and expulsion, which very much weakened the team. During the last week of the season the nine, as reorganized, rallied splendidly, both in the field and at the bat, and wound up the season with flying colors, winning their last three matches with such first-class nines as the Boston, Athletic and Philadelphia.

SERIES OF PROFESSIONAL GAMES PLAYED WITH ATHLETICS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Umpires.

May	3,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	10 to 7.	Thos. Carey.
May	23,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	4 12.	Chas Fulmer.
June	16,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	4 11.	Thos. Patterson.
June	19,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	6 11.	Robert Matthews.
Sept.	7,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	3 7.	Charles Daniels.
Sept.	25,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	13 14.	John English.
Oct.	26,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	2 5.	Charles Daniels.
Oct.	27,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	10 3.	Charles Daniels.
July	14,	Hartford vs. Athletic,	9 0.	Dick Pearce (forfeited).
		Totals	61 70	

SERIES OF PROFESSIONAL GAMES PLAYED WITH ATLANTICS OF BROOKLYN.

June	5,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	8 to 1.	Thos. Patterson.
June	20,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	12 3d.	A. F. L. Bunce.
June	13,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	2 6.	Wm. Tate.
Sept.	5,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	21 15.	Wm. Tate.
Sept.	24,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	3 9.	Wm. Geer.
Oct.	14,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	5 9.	Wm. Geer.
Oct.	16,	Hartford vs. Atlantic,	2 3.	Thos. Carey.
		Totals	62 47	

SERIES OF PROFESSIONAL GAMES PLAYED WITH BALTIMORES OF BALTIMORE, MD.

May	8,	Hartford vs. Baltimore,	22 to 2.	Chas. Daniels.
May	21,	Hartford vs. Baltimore,	16 8.	Mr. Smith.
May	22,	Hartford vs. Baltimore,	7 9.	Mr. Battin.
Sept.	30,	Hartford vs. Baltimore,	4 9.	George Hall.
Oct.	1,	Hartford vs. Baltimore,	14 4.	George Hall.
		Totals	63 30	

SERIES OF GAMES PLAYED WITH THE BOSTONS OF BOSTON.

May	12,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	3 to 8.	Mr. Avery.
May	13,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	1 15.	Amory G. Hodges.
June	20,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	1 15.	Robert Matthews.
June	26,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	1 14.	Chas. L. Mitchell.
Oct.	5,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	4 7.	Frederic Cone.
Oct.	6,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	6 7.	Mr. Avery.
Oct.	23,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	3 13.	Chas. Daniels.
Oct.	24,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	8 11.	Frederic Cone.
Oct.	30,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	17 11.	Chas. Daniels.
Nov.	3,	Hartfords vs. Bostons,	6 15.	Frederic Cone.
		Totals	60 126	

SERIES OF GAMES PLAYED WITH THE CHICAGOS OF CHICAGO, ILL.

May	27,	Hartfords vs. Chicagos,	3 to 9.	Hugh Reed.
May	30,	Hartfords vs. Chicagos,	9 14.	N. E. Young.
June	22,	Hartfords vs. Chicagos,	10 14.	Thos. Patterson.
Sept.	10,	Hartfords vs. Chicagos,	1 5.	Harm. Delhman.
Sept.	12,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Dec. 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Alden, Mrs. D. A.
Arnold, Hattie
Avery, Carrie 6c.
Adams, Minnie
Arnett, Minnie
Brandt, Lizzie
Berry, Mrs. Celia
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
Blaide, Edith (3)
Bushnell, Mrs. Susie
Bailey, Ella
Byrnes, Kate (with McEvoy)
Baird, Miss J. W.
Coventry, Julia S.
Crocker, Josie
Coleridge, Blanche (2)
Carroll, Mrs. Jennie
Clifton, Carrie
Cooper, Louise
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Christie, Frankie
Clifton, Bessie
DeMontford, Annie
De Brent, Ainy
Davis, Laura
De Lisle, Maude
De Witt, Lotta M.
Donaldson, Mrs. Virginia
Darling, Bessie
Douglas, Fannie
Demike, Mattie 10c.
Dresser, Mrs. Laura B.
Dearden, Fannie
Ellis, Hattie
Fleming, Jessie
Forrester, Nellie (2)
Frost, Ada
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. H.
Granville, Gertie
Gordon, Ida M.
Gayton, Zoe
Gilmore, Mrs. Etta
Gable, Kate
Grady, Ella (with Barnum)
Hunter, Mrs. C. E.
Hawes, Nellie (with McEvoy) (2)
Howard, Pauline
Hallett, Clara
Hallett, Mrs. Alta
Helm, Mrs. Jas.
Irma, Mlle.
Johnston, Mrs. Elmina
Kleder, Belle
Lee, Amanda
Larkell, Nellie (2)
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Lowery, Mrs. Lewada
Little Della
Lucelle, Fannie (2)
Locken, Nevflle
Louise, Liggie
Lowell, Zelma (3) 30c.
Love, Ella
Lang, Ione
Little Nell
Newbold, Annie
May, Dollie
Middleton, Mrs. Hy.
McKenna, Gabrielle
Mairs, Maggie (dansense)
Mosley, Charlotte (2)
Mason, Mattie
Marsh, Emma
Major, Mrs. M.
Moore, Fannie
McEvoy, Gertie
Perry, Louisa
Ross, Alice
Rowell, Kittie
Reignold, Emma
Starr, Susie
St. Clair, Sadie
Smith, Mrs. Louie
Sweet, Senora Sebastian
Stemple, Lizzie
Smith, Mary
Thatcher, Mrs. Lizzie
Woods, Carrie
Worrell, Sophie
Whitman, Mrs. (of Bessie Darl. Co.)
Williams, Gussie (2)
Weston, Maggie (3)
Watson, Mrs. Louisa 3c.
Wood, Laura C.
Waller, Mrs. D. W.
Worrell, Irene
Welkens, Mrs. Sidney
Wallace, Mrs. Matilda 13c.
Williams, Mrs. Jno. (with Little Nell)
Zonla, Mlle. (2)
Zepny, Millie (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ackert, Prof. Jno. (gymnast)
Edwards, Geo. H. (2)
Emerson, Billy
Erinaud the Bren-ius
Fowler, W. W.
Fielding, Harry (clogist)
Fox, Jim (of Goss & Fox)
Freeman, J. M.
Frost, Hyat
Fox's Humpty Dumpty, G. W.
Franklin, Harry (of Kline & Frank.)
Foley & Walker
Fernando, Adam (2)
Fritz, Edwin (of Cassino & Fritz (2)
Frohman, Gus
Flynn, Jno.
French, Billy
Ferguson, R. C.
Fields, Geo. (agent)
Frohman, Mr. (manager)
Florence, C. A.
"F. E. A."
Gonzine, Mons.
Fox, Jas.
Ferdinando, Mons.
Gardner, J. H. (leader)
Gemboy, Jas. (candy "biz")
Keene, Jule (2)
Kent, E. W.
Kurtz, Mel (minstrel)
Kent, Frank
Kearney & Moran
Kirkbow, Jos.
Kemble, C. W.
Kennedy, W. J.
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kelly, T. M.
Kling, Jno. (elephant keeper)
Kelly, Acton E.
King, Chas.
Kine, James (of Kine Bros.)
Kidder, E. H.
Lusbie, Ben
Lent, L. B.
Le Tort, Mons.
Leake, Will K.
Lester, Billy (of Lester & Allen)
Locke, Oliver
Leary, Dan
Leavitt, M. B.
Lanteburg, Billy
Lasell, Jr., Claude
Linton, Billy (agent)
Lowlor, Jno. (circus "biz")
Like, J. (of Howe's Circus)
Layton, Frank
Lindley, Harry (manager)
Loratte, Charlie
Lannier, W. M. (2)
Leroux, Geo.
Le Clair, Harry & Maggie (2)
Loomis, Harry T.
Lanuier, W. H.
Lord, Charlie (of Rentz's Minst.)
Lester, Harry
Latham, John
Langley, E. D.
Lowell, B. F.
Lawlor, Frank
Lamont, Albert
Lawson, Fred
Lamonte, The (2)
Lent, Master A. 10c.
Locke, E. A.
Lawton, Happy Jack
Lent, Sam
Livingstone, Fred (gymnast)
Langdon, W. H.
Leonux, Geo. J.
Lee, Pete (comed.) 10c.
Morey, Prof. (prestidigitateur)
Mafft, Jno.
McEvoy, Frank
Murray, Jno. H.
Maginley & Co's Circus
Murphy, Pat (with Barnum)
Moak, Jno. A.
Mora, W. A.
Mackenzie, Archie
Majiltons, The
Murray, Geo. A.
Madden, Chas. (vocalist)
Moodey, Dony P.
Moore, Little Eddie
Milner, J. K.
Maeder, Frank
Mortimer, A.
McClellan, Wm.
Maxwell, Geo. H.
McCollom, J. C.
Masaroo, Theo.
Murray, Randolph
Morse, Frank (with Buckley)
Mack, Jno. (minstrel)
Murphy, Charles (properties)
Melville, Charles (agent)
McFadden, Jno. (2)
Macarthy, Harry (comed.)
Myers, J. C.
Mack, J. Edwin
Marren, J. H.
Mantell, Sig.
Manchester, H. E.
Mack, Jno.
Mead, Charles (vocalist)
McEvoy, Fred
Mace, Dan
Malmburg, W. V.
Morton, Will H.
Matthews, Jas. 6c.
McNaughton, Hy. (club "biz")
McGowan, Bobby
Makin, Ed. Arden 13c.
Magill, Chas.
Mortimer, John
McNulty, Bernard F.
Macginley, Benj.
Nickle, Robt. (magician)
O'Reardon, M.
Oliver, S. (with Lingard)
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Osborne, Harry
Pope, Chas.
Pritchard, Spencer
Perry, Mr. (contortionist)
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Peasley, Jno.
Platt, ——— (circus "biz")
Phelp, Dr. W. M.
Pierce, Frank
Pfaff, Hy.
Peak, Eddie
Price, Wally
Quinn, ——— Barney (comed.)
Ray, J. M.
Roberts, Nick
Rogers, Jasmine
Rice, Wm. (with Brennan Co.)
Russell, Sol S.
Rosenbaum, ——— (agent)
Riddell, A. T.
Rubini, P.
Ryder, Geo.
Rivers, Frank
Stanley, Burton
Sands, Geo. (agent)
Sanders, Will
Whitney & Sant.)
Snow, Ben M.
Spencer, Charles (pyro artist)
Sydney, Geo. H.
Sharpley, Sam
Spencer, Charlie
Sheppard, Grove B.
St. Ormond, Harry (agent)
Seddon, Geo. 10c.
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Stanford, J. Harry
Stubbs, Stokes
Scott, Alex. (musicians
Stetson, Harry R. (2)
Stuart, W. H.
Steck, Isaac (with Sanford)
Sheridan, Mack & Day
Seco, Harry (musician)
Sherry, J. F.
Stetson, E. T.
Spaulding, W. P.
Stanley, Fred Sinnotte
Scearce, L. M. W. (3)
Sanders, Charlie
Swizler, Louis
Smith, W. R.
Shaw, Charlie
Tilla, W. H.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Van Amburgh's Golden Menag.)
Victorelli Bros.
Vincent, Chas. A.
Van Wormer, G. H.
Wheelock, Jos. F.
Whitenect, Wm. H. (2)
Webb, J. C.
Wheeler, W. S.
Wilson, Mike
Watkins, D. P.
Wilson, Harry
Washburn, E. S.
Welling, W. H. (2)
Weeks, E. Irving
Wilson, Lew (2) 6c.
Wentworth, Walter (2)
Wallace, Prof. W. E.
Watkins, D. P.
Woods, Geo. W.
Woodfield, W. H.
Western, Harry (with Sanford)
Washburn, Leon
Wilson Bros. (gymnasts)
Walhalla, Ted
Watson, Wm. H.
"X. X. X."

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, '74.

As the Christmas and New Year holidays draw nigh, amusements slightly feel the pressure. This is always the case, for theatrical luxuries must be sacrificed in order that Santa Claus may be permitted to make his annual grand rounds, and prepare every household for the good time coming. The stores on our great business thoroughfares are now the chief objects of attraction for young and old. A peep into these business marts is good for weak eyes and intellects, for the countless curious toys and fancy notions of every conceivable device and every style of beauty, cause the heart to expand, the purse-strings to loosen, and the hopes of the little ones to find vent in manifestation of cheerfulness and delight. Let preparations for a proper observance of the festive season continue; let the old stocking be brought out from its hiding place, and be made to disgorge a portion of its long pent-up contents for the benefit of those who are looking forward to the Christmas festival with high hopes and great expectations. The theatrical manager looks for a brief season of depression about these times; he knows, from long experience, that though his finances may show a shrinkage, and his patrons stand aloof, his time will come when the holidays shall have passed away, and once more all will be well with him. ..... Total depravity is the best we can say of the unwieldy rhinoceros. A week or two ago London beheld him in his throes of violence and insubordination, when he squeached two of his keepers and erstwhile friends. New York, not to be outdone by the metropolis of Great Britain, experienced a shock when, on Friday last, Mr. Barnum's rhinoceros Pete, in an unguarded moment, outraged all rules of decorum and common decency by ruthlessly assailing a female rhinoceros glorying in the name of Mary Jane. Peeling secure, in the protection of Pete, against the threatened onslaught of ferocious lions and angry tigers, Mary Jane essayed to share his lowly cage; but no sooner did this unmanly brute behold the timid and unsuspecting creature at his side than he dealt out his dexter mauley, and gained first knock-down and first blood ere she female knew what struck her, so entirely by guileless and unsuspicious was she. We sigh as we contemplate this brutal exhibition, and calmly ask why was it permitted, and where were the police? If rhinoceroses come to this land of the free, and expect to enjoy the boon of liberty, they should conform to our laws; otherwise, in vain George Washington refrained from telling lies, useless the revision of the Constitution of the United States. Let us hear no more of these brutal disturbances ..... We are sad to-day. We were requested to write an article for an art journal, a publication that prides itself on its accuracy. Our subject was "The Drama." Naturally we rung in Cushy, and in the course of our remarks we wrote: "This estimable lady, whose genius has awakened the enthusiasm of two hemispheres, and whose modesty and virtue will serve as models for millions yet unborn, is now playing a round of Shakespeare's great creations." This, you will observe, reads nicely, and in the hands of men entirely great ought to have brought down the house. But the manuscript was placed in the hands of a fiendish compositor, and this is what he made of it: "This estimable lady (and so forth) is now playing *around* Shakespeare's great creations" ..... "The King of Carrots" is the latest burlesque at the Comique Theatre. It's a big thing, and, like the general run of pills, is purely vegetable. A whole "box" can be taken with impunity ..... Our German fellow citizens of Dutch descent don't get the hang of things, very readily, in this country. Now, last week Manager Daly announced a *new* play called "Yorick." On last Saturday night, when the piece was first presented, three hundred and sixty-nine high-Dutch were in attendance to witness *New "Yorick,"* as they called it, and which they believed to be a German play of contemporaneous human interest ..... Tomorrow, Tuesday, December 8, 1874, is the time fixed for the first representation of the "Transit of Venus." It is a mistake, as some of the unreliable papers announce, that this transit of Venus is something new under the sun. "Our Jim" says that as far back as he can remember, his mother "made a transit of wean us in which me and two other twins took active parts." Again, a year or two ago, "Ixion" was presented in this city, when the luscious Markham was the lovely Venus. Since then, *our* Venus has made a transit to New Orleans. Sic transit glorious Markham ..... "The Hero of the Hour" is underlined on the bills of Booth's Theatre. What hour it is, we are not informed; but it is likely to *strike one* as being next, as a companion piece, to "The *Lona* Strike." Dec. 14 is the day when "The Hero of the Hour" is timed to show up. Make a minute of it ..... Daly promises a real wonder, nothing more nor less than an *entirely* new and original comedy by Boucicault. Now this *is* important, if true; but Mr. Daly must see that his carpenter and scene-painter are well up in *their* biz., for without their aid the "new novelty" cannot be made to stand, let alone to run. This enterprising manager likewise gives notice of the early presentation of "Sweethearts." "Our Jim" hopes that they will be something better than the alleged sweet-tarts he is subjected to at the cheap restaurants ..... That good man Talmage continues his little bits of character-acting in the Brooklyn Tabernacle; but he is not a success in *all* of his delineations. His latest attempt is a mild representation of the character of "Samson." But there is this difference between the Samson of old and our latter-day saint: while the former used the jawbone of some *other* jackass to make his little points and carry information into the camp of the enemy, our dear brother Talmage uses his *own* jaw, which is far less effective than that of the other jackass. [This is a little piece of pleasantry intended to create a dignified and subdued amile at the expense of De Witt.—Ed. Clip.] We regret to see that Mr. Talmage is mercilessly scourged by some of our contemporaries. But avast. That dead and gone poet who contended "that all the world's a stage, and that all the men and women are merely players," was correct. Mr. Talmage is but an actor; and, like other actors, he has his price, for a price he must be fulfils his engagements. Previous to his appearance in our sister city of Brooklyn, he acted his part in the "City of Brotherly Love," as it is facetiously called; for brotherly loves does not seem to have fastened itself upon him while there. A "call," backed up by a higher salary, induced the gentleman to leave his brotherly lovers, and set up a tabernacle in the "City of Churches;" yea, in a vast temple where he could be seen and heard of men. Why not? Why censure one actor more than another? Mr. Beecher was the foremost of his class at the time Mr. Talmage stepped his wardrobe in. Brooklyn ruled the roost, as it were, and brought down the house by his sallies of wit and his bursts of genius. And De Witt was sore afraid, and took counsel with the elders. "What manner of man is this," said De Witt, "that he should crowd the house from quiet to dome while I play to empty benches?" And lo! the managers held converse, one with another; and behold! "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." And the old tabernacle was destroyed by fire, and a new one was erected. Even so, while the building was going up De Witt took the boards of the Academy of Music, and crowds flocked to their favorite old theatre, and the elders and the juniors rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And the other actor, even Henry of old, became involved, as it were, in sundry alleged irregularities, and he was obscured by a cloud; and his former actor hurried up his scene-painter, so that he, even De Witt, might profit by the misfortunes of his brother actor. But the cloud rolled away, and Henry emerged, and did renew his appearance on the rock that Plymouth founded. And the other one was afraid, and called his company together, and did say unto them: "Let us get back at this suspender, let no man take his dust, neither be washed by his backwater." And his companions held close communion, and didst say unto him: "What wouldst thou?" And the excoriator said: "We must get him with the man of rocks; we must drive him out of his pin-feathers, and compel him to swim tut. Yea, while the Philistines are upon him, and ye Tittons and ye Moultons worry him in divers places, let us whistle down the wind the little players, and call them dog, and spit upon them, so that they shall become enraged, and bring up ye great actor of Plymouth as a shocking example of unchastity and immorality." And his companions heard him, and were glad thereat, and said: "We will do this thing, for he speaks marvellously proper, having learned his cunning in the City of Brotherly Love." And it came to pass that the assault was made against the little players; yea, even as it had been laid down by the immaculate Talmage. Clothed in appropriate costumes, embellished with scenic effects, the spectacle swept the board like "The Black Crook" of yore, and it is little by little gaining a grand success, creeping to the Tabernacle, and thronging the amphitheatre as if they were going to witness a Spanish bullfight. And the poor players, who were so ruthlessly assailed, were wroth, and did utter exclamations of surprise that they should be thus made the scorn of men, and that the bread they were striving to honestly earn should be taken out of their mouths. And lo! as it had been predicted, the poor players were beguiled into excess of emotion, and cried: "See! The great player overleaps his neighbor's bounds; he is his," and they didst resurrect much that had been buried in the past, and by so doing didst bring scandal upon the high estate. Then the star of the Tabernacle and his worshipers did exult at the triumph of their well-laid plans, and over their afternoon chowder and beer became hilarious; and the elders and the juniors, and the shuites and the hittites and the scribes and the pharisees, said, as with one voice, "Behold the man! But for him our cause was lost; yea, but for this bright star, even the dear De Witt's interests would have been sold and had been placed in jeopardy, and the star of Plymouth would have shone brighter than ever. Let us give thanks to the City of Brotherly Love, through whose purity and morality this good work has been wrought, even so through the understanding of this one who fixed star." In the meantime, the poor players have recovered from the shock of the first assault; and with renewed energy they have put their shoulders to the wheel in behalf of that which has stood the test of centuries, and which shall stand until earth shall pass away, and all that is in it. The Academy draws its crowded audiences when the star Talmage is on the boards, and the theatre will in the end benefit by the tirades of this Brooklyn sensation. In this connection, we have ground out from our poetic machine the appended lines, entitled

MANAGER VS. MINISTER.

"The play-house is a sad disgrace,"
Shouts Talmage; "Yes, a shame"
Cry on the manager in reply,
"And we will feed the flame.
The more you fret and fume, you know,
The more the 'stupid public' go."
They hasten to the Union-square,
"Love's Sacrifice," to see;
They sympathize with "Yorick's" fate,
Where Daly plots so free.
They go where Johnny Raymond's art
Displays his *Seller*-brated part.
Up where the weird and dazzling "Crook"
Enchants the eye and ear;
Down where Comique
In rivalry appear;
E'en where the mirthful minstrel bands
Across six blocks grasp friendly hands.
At Booth's they crush each other's sorus.
When bright De Boots doth lark;
Where business has so much increased
They [illegible] part; supernumerary
Where Tooker's sylph-like form serene
Sheds fairy lustre o'er the scene.
The Globe is "Chipper"—Metrop.'s star
Has bright Success's seal—
The "Cancan" draws its patrons, too,
With charms "en dishabille."
We see the wondering crowds at home
In Barnum's mighty Hippodrome.
Soldene produces "Chilperic,"
With all her brilliant corps;
And Wood brings forth attractions bright
That cannot fail to draw.
While Tony Pastor "feeds the 'lambs'"
With tender, plump and luscious hams.
"There's millions in it!" So, De Witt,
Go on in your abuse;
You're but a second "Reverend Smyth"
For managerial use—
For they, without dissent, are fain
To have you "cut and come again."

CITY SUMMARY.

BOOTH'S THEATRE WAS SOLD at auction on Thursday, Dec. 3, in the real-estate salesrooms, Trinity Buildings, No. 111 Broadway, by Messrs. E. A. Lawrence & Co., auctioneers. The property, which has a frontage of 184 feet on Twenty-third street and 70 feet on Sixth avenue, was sold by an order of the Supreme Court under a foreclosure of a mortgage, and subject to other mortgages amounting to $276,000 and interest. There were only two competitors, Mr. Bell of the city and Oliver Ames of Boston, Mass., both holders of mortgages upon the property. The former made the first bid, offering $300,000. The auctioneer then made a long explanation, and stated that the bidding was to be a certain sum in excess of the mortgages, whereupon Mr. Bell bid $94,000, which was equivalent to his previous offer. After considerable competition between these two gentlemen, the property was knocked down to Oliver Ames for the sum of $100,000 in excess of the mortgages, equivalent to $385,800. The original cost of the property was nearly $1,000,000. The purchaser paid ten per cent. of the amount of his bid on Dec. 3, and the balance is to be paid Jan. 2, 1875, and he is to assume and discharge the mortgages. Various portions of the property are leased; but most of the leases expire May 1, 1875; that of the dwelling portion, held by Mrs. Mary A. Booth, runs until May, 1878.

FREDERIC ROBINSON began an engagement at Wood's Museum on the evening of Nov. 3, acting Dick Rayne in a sensational drama entitled "Quarry Dell," which was repeated, including the Wednesday matinee, until Friday, when "Richard III" was acted, and at the matinee and evening of Saturday "Macbeth" was given. At the customary matinees "Cinderella," with M. W. Leffingwell as Clorinda, and "Toodles," with A. H. Sheldon in the title character, constituted the bill. Attendance limited. This week Dominick Murray may be seen in "The Organ Man," and at the matinees "The Ticket-of-leave Man" will be given.

THE ATTENDANCE at nearly all of our places of public amusement was very light during the first three nights of the past week; but an increase was noticeable during the latter part of the week.

TERRACE-GARDEN THEATRE being engaged during the week commencing Dec. 14, Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels will go on a tour of the neighboring cities during that week, and will return there and resume their season on Dec. 21.

MESSRS. LEAVITT AND PASTOR entertained the entire company performing at Robinson Hall with a sumptuous repast on Thanksgiving Day. Toasts were drunk, speeches made, and the best of feeling prevailed.

"THE BLACK CROOK" continues the attraction at the Grand Opera-house. The magnificence of the costumes displayed in the various ballets and marches; the graceful dancing of Mlle. Lupo and the Kiralfy Sisters; the difficult acrobatic feats of the Lenton Family; the singing of the Madrigal Boys; the songs of the Misses Eliza Weathersby and Annie Kemp Bowler; the roller-skating of Kynock and Smith; and the beautiful tableau in imitation of marble statuary at the close of the spectacle, are the salient features.

FREDERICK MACCABE is to resume his entertainment entitled "Begone, Dull Care," at Robinson Hall on Dec. 7. The latter portion will be new, and will include an impersonation of Jack Junk, an old sailor, who will sing "A Sailor's Yarn;" and will close with a melodrama called "Sir Rowland the Ruffian, or the Vanquished Villain," in which Mr. Maccabe is announced "to impersonate two characters at once," by a peculiar arrangement of dress, remaining, during the final scene, upon the stage in full sight of the audience.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE the newcomers since our last report were Walter Bray, Ethiopian comedian and vocalist, who sang a song touching upon the topics of the day; and Jennie Hughes, serio-comic vocalist, whose name was seen upon huge posters in various parts of the city, as follows: "Mrs. J. Lloyd Heigh, *nee* Miss Jennie Hughes, every night at the Globe Theatre." She was favorably received; but her voice appears somewhat worn, and is uncertain in the upper register. Little Alice Daley continued her songs-and-dances. Adah Richmond and Harry Kernell elicited no little laughter as "The O'Shaughnessy Guards." Murray, Ashton and Seeley repeated their acrobatic and contortion feats. Jennie Worrell, who appeared "on time," performed with Harry Richmond a musical sketch called "Old Heads and Young Hearts." Prof. Alex. Davis gave exhibitions of his skill as a ventriloquist. Richmond, Kernell, Foley and Wade as "The Four Prophets" won several recalls. The comic sketch of "Excrescences of Fun" commenced the entertainments, which closed with an extravaganza written for Miss Jean Grey, who performed a leading part therein, entitled "A Trip to the Moon." A shadow pantomime was introduced, and in "The Bizarre Polka" an attempt was made to imitate the "irregularities" of the cancan; but the majority of the audience expressed their disapproval. During the piece, Mlle. Cora Adriana danced a Hungarian polka in a graceful manner. This week Ned Fox, William Devere and Goss and Fox are to be added to the company.

MISS ADA WRAY, who made her first appearance this season, and Queen and West, J. H. Bartlett, and William Hart, who reappeared on Nov. 30, comprised the fresh attractions at the Theatre Comique during the expired week. Miss Wray, who met with a cordial reception, acted the character of Rowdolphe in the closing burlesque of "The White Crook," introducing several songs. Queen and West performed, under the name of Antonio Sartoi, a three-legged dance. J. H. Bartlett gave a bone-solo, which indicated a high degree of excellence, and William Hart as "The Comely Octoroon" elicited applause. Songs by "Jolly" Nash, Amy Roberts, and Alice Dunbar, Leon Agoust, the ventriloquial conversation with imitations of actors by J. H. Budworth, and the sketches of "Not Guilty, or No. 7," "One, Two, Three," with John Wild as Tom Pepper the circus boy; and "The Colored Conductors," with Charley White in the cast, comprised the other acts. For this week Sophie and Irene Worrell, Hugh Fay and Frank Donaldson are to appear in the burlesque called "King of Carrots," which will terminate with a new transformation scene, illustrating the escape of the animals from the Central-park Menagerie; George Frederiches, who turns a somersault upon a revolving globe; and Will Carlton, bagpiper, are to make their first appearance, and Kitty O'Neil, William Noonan, Alice Bateman, and Jennie Engel are to reappear.

THOMAS GRANGER, W. B. Cahill, the Misses Emeline Young and Nully Pieris reinforced the company at the Olympic Theatre on Monday night. Thomas Granger in acrobatic songs-and-dances displayed suppleness of figure, skill and agility. W. B. Cahill acted the chief character in "The Irish Fortune-hunter, or Life in the Seventeenth Ward," Emeline Young acted Stalacta in "The Black (and Tan) Crook," and Nully Pieris sang sentimental songs. Her wardrobe for the first time in the Song of the Flags," hitherto given by various other performers. Gus Williams' Dutch character songs and witty remarks are among the most attractive features of the programme, and he is gradely able to retire before responding to some five or six encores. Some confusion existed in the songs-and-dances. William Courtright gave his comparatively new specialty "Any Wood to Saw?". Sol Smith Russell selected several of his most grotesque and pleasing character impersonations and facial delineations, which kept the audience highly amused. Emma Dunbar, serio-comic songs. Sanford and Wilson gave their musical specialties, and a comic sketch called "Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla," completed the programme. On Dec. 7, Wayne and Lovely, Signor Bartolio, and Lynton Graham will be added to the company.

MANAGER JOHN T. FORD of the Baltimore and Washington Theatres was in the city on a flying visit during the past week.

THE CHANGES at Bryant's since our last report have included the singing of "Sweet Lurline" by Charles Templeton, in the "Shaughraun" by Charley Backus, "Prelude to Pictures," by Hogan and Emerson; the quartet "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," admirably sung by Walz, Kelly, Norrie and Templeton; and the revival of "The Live Ingin" in the olio. "A Slippery Day" is to be revived.

"JACK EYRE" was withdrawn from the boards of the Union-square Theatre after the performance of Dec. 5, and Miss Charlotte Thompson's engagement terminated on that date. On Dec. 7 "Love's Sacrifice" is to be produced, in which Miss Rose Eytinge is to make her first appearance this season, and act Margaret Elmore. Thomas E. Thorne, Jr., during the absence of three weeks, will reappear and perform St. Lo; J. W. Collier, who temporarily returns to the stage, will make his first appearance at this theatre, acting Eugene De Lorme; and Mathew Elmore will be impersonated by McKee Rankin, instead of Frederick Robinson, as originally intended.

THE PRESENTATION of the second installment of sixty hams by Tony Pastor to his patrons, on Monday evening, Nov. 30, served to crowd the auditorium of his Opera-house to its fullest extent. Murphy and Mortson created a decided hit for the first appearance of Irish sketches. Miss Ella Heflin danced a jig in an agile manner. Miss Maud De Lisle elicited the approbation of the audience by her serio-comic vocalisms, and Tim Morris, who showed himself to be a capital impersonator of Ethiopian characters, has an admirable dialect. These comprised the fresh additions to the company. The other acts included Dutch character songs-and-dances by Larry Tooley, the freshest of Tony Pastor's comic songs, dancing by the Marvelle Sisters, ventriloquial conversations by Charles Young, and the sketches of "Fooling with the Wrong Man," "Difference of Opinion," "The Boulevard Brigade," and "A Night in a Free-and-Easy." La Belle Ardine, Herbert and Joe Cawthorne, the Lopez Family, Ella Mayo, Harry Thorne, and Willian Carter are to reinforce the company on Dec. 7, and on that evening Tony will distribute sixty hams among the audience.

MISS NETTIE FLORENCE, a vocalist of merit, who has a fresh voice of considerable power and sweetness, which was unfortunately spoiled by her comic songs; Gilmore and Smith, who gave a fair exhibition of roller-skating, which will undoubtedly improve with future practice; Dick Sands, an excellent clog dancer, who subsequently danced a "Wild Irish Jig;" and McCullough and McGarvey, whose performances at the Continental Variety Theatre were noticeable, comprised the fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Theatre on Nov. 30. Jimmy and Dollie Emerson were seen in their Irish specialty of "Soft Soap;" George Warren gave banjo-solos. Lola her serial gymnastic performances, act called "The Musical Mole;" Master Stevie Sarsfield a cleverly executed clog-dance, John Goodman a bone-solo, and the sketches of "Ole Bull" and "Paris by Moonlight," introducing the cancan, filled out the bill. The new-comers this week will be Maggie Gray, Agnes Sanford, Frank Bell, James O'Neil, N. B. Shimer, and James McNevin.

NIBLO'S GARDEN closed temporarily after the performance of Tuesday evening, Dec. 1. On Monday evening, Manager C. R. Thorne Sr. took a benefit, when "The Lady of Lyons" was performed, with Charles Thorne, Jr. as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Lillie Eldridge as Pauline, and Miss Emily Mestayer as the Widow Melnotte, and "The Customs of the Country," with Miss Barney Williams as Melissa, all of whom had generously volunteered their services. The attendance was light. On Tuesday evening "Norman Leslie" was produced, and, as the attendance was very meagre, Manager Thorne decided to close the theatre until Dec. 21, when it will be reopened with a grand spectacular pantomime.

NEARLY THE ENTIRE PROGRAMME was changed at the San Francisco Minstrels last week. In the first part, A. H. Pelham sang "Good Rhine Wine;" Eugene Tremaine, "My Dear Little Home;" Charley Backus, "My Gal;" D. S. Wambold, "You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry;" Carl Rudolph, "The Gray Hairs of My Mother;" and for the finale, a medley introducing selections from "Pinafore" and "Patrick's-day Parade." In the olio, Mackin and Wilson were seen in the song-and-dance entitled "Charming Little Susie;" Arthur Bent gave a cornet solo; Add Ryman, who was announced "to play all the characters in 'The Shaughraun' by permission of Boucicault," pleasantly sold the audience that he was a number of burlesque magical feats, which created no little laughter. The sketches of "Othello and Macbeth" and "Jim Crow Alive" filled out the bill. On Dec. 7 J. H. Carle, banjo songster, is to join the company.

JOHN S. CLARKE commenced an engagement of two weeks at Booth's Theatre on Nov. 30, making his first appearance in the metropolis since the Spring of 1870. During the expired week he has acted the chief characters in "Red Tape" and "A Widow Hunt." The former is a condensed version of a five-act drama written expressly for Mr. Clarke by Henry J. Byron, and originally produced at the Holborn Theatre, London. It is now seen in two acts, with the names of the characters changed, and the plot, of which all the salient points are preserved, has been boiled down so that its representation requires but a single hour's time. The scenery was admirably managed. The action of "Red Tape" is as follows: Melrose, the supposed murder in the wood, and the return to Jasper's house were so quick that ordinary changing of scenes would have greatly marred the effect. This was overcome by having the scene extending across the stage representing the side of a room in Jasper's villa painted upon gauze. The moment that Tape, followed by Jasper, left that apartment, the lights in front of the scene were turned down, and the stage at the rear flooded with a bright light, which caused the wall to apparently dissolve into air, and the scene of the supposed murder in the wood was vividly presented to the audience. The reversing of the lights restored the scene to its former appearance of the room referred to. Mr. Clarke was excellent as regards the conception and embodiment of the character of Redmond Tape. His burlesque speech to an imaginary court, at the tea-table, in defense of a servant girl whom one of the little children had accused of purloining sugar, elicited shouts of laughter. E. Sherrington gave a natural and pathetic impersonation of the villain, Jasper. Charles Walcot evinced that he was a careful artist by his performance of the brief part of Sheldrake. Lewis Morrison as Harold Rawdon made a capital lover, being tender and passionate. Miss Louise Henderson made a charming Eliza. Miss Mary Wells was admirably adapted to Mrs. Tape. Mrs. Charles Walcot invested the servant-girl, Nutmeg, with much character, and proved herself to be a good actress; what little was required of the other characters received due care and attention. The performances conclude with "The Widow Hunt," a rewritten version of "Everybody's Friend," by Sterling Coyne, prepared expressly for Mr. Clarke whose excellence in the role of Major Wellington De Boots is too well known to require further comment. The attendance was large, and steadily increased during the week.

MAUDE GRAY commences an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Dec. 7, producing her specialty of "The Statue of the Period."

JENNIE HUGHES on Dec. 3 procured a warrant from the Essex-market Police-court for the arrest of John Linderman, billposter; Robert Southern, his assistant; and J. Lloyd Haigh. The charges made against them was libel, she alleging that they had posted or caused to be posted certain bills about the city with the following announcement: "Mrs. 'Papa' Maretzek, *nee* Jennie Hughes," which announcement she claimed was intended to degrade her and injure her in her business. Linderman and Southern were arrested Saturday morning, and held in the sum of $9,000 each to answer. Mr. J. Lloyd Haigh has not yet been arrested.

THE THIRTEENTH WEEK of Mark Twain's drama, and of John T. Raymond's excellent performance of Col. Mulberry Sellers therein, will be the present. Prof. Tobin has been engaged to deliver his scientific lectures, illustrated with experiments, every afternoon save Saturday. Mr. Raymond's engagement will close shortly after the holidays, and he will then start upon a tour through the country.

MISS LILLIE ELDRIDGE has been engaged to play the leading female character in "The Hero of the Hour" at Booth's Theatre, commencing Dec. 14.

THE MUSICAL ATTRACTIONS for the past week have been the representations of an Anglicized adaptation of Offenbach's opera-bouffe of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" at the Lyceum Theatre, where it achieved a decided success for the Soldene troupe, who have made quite a hit in it by their clever expression of the music and their admirable conception of the various characterizations. This English adaptation is probably one of the best that have been presented here, and the company succeeded in rendering it with much of its original vivacity and abandon. When we take into consideration the anti-mercurial temperament of the English, and the want of adaptability of the English words to the musical score, it is according this company the highest praise to say that they have made a pronounced success. Miss Soldene, as the Grand Duchess, has a most happy conception of the part, and gives to it a brilliant and graceful interpretation, retaining enough of the original raciness to make the impersonation vivacious and sparkling, without being objectionable to English auditors. She sang the several numbers with admirable taste, and deservedly won numerous encores, notably in the aria "Say to Him" and the "Drinking Legend," which latter was given with such capital effect as to be redemanded several times. Miss Clara Vesey, as Wanda, is a handsome little lady, who prettily looked the part and neatly acted it. E. D. Beverly as the stupid Fritz, J. B. Rae as the foppish Prince Paul, E. Marshall as the eccentric Baron Puck, H. Lewens as the grotesque General Boum, and H. Laurent as the preposterous Baron Grog, cleverly enacted their several personations, and with the chorus—who were well in hand and sang with admirable effect, especially in the "Drinking Legend"—gave a rendition of this opera which afforded an agreeable surprise, as it could hardly be supposed that a company of English artists would give so capital an exposition of the French opera-bouffe school of music. "The Grand Duchess" will retain her power until Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, when an English version of "Chilperic" will be produced, with Miss Soldene in the title-role. ..... On Tuesday, Dec. 8, M. Pattison gave his fourth lecture, with pianoforte recitals, at De Garmo Hall, taking as his subject the composer Mendelssohn, and drawing his illustrations from the "songs without words." ..... A benefit in aid of the Bikeer Cholim Society was also given on Dec. 9 by the Italian Opera Company, at the Academy of Music, when "Faust" was produced, with Mlle. Heilbron as Margherita, Miss Cary as Siebel, Sig. De Bassini as Faust, and Sig. Fiorini as Mephistopheles. And at the Stadt Theatre, Miss Lena Mayr repeated her performance of Rosalinde, in "Der Fledermaus," and at the same house, on Wednesday and Thursday, she performed in a German adaptation of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," assuming the character of the Duchess ..... On Wednesday, Dec. 2, Samuel P. Warren gave a grand organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity ..... A pianoforte recital illustrative of the works of the great masters was given by Miss Heilbron at Steinway Hall on Thursday, and on Friday the Philharmonic Society gave a public rehearsal at the Academy of Music, and there was a repetition of Dr. Leander Starr Jones' lecture at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening Miss Frederike Rokohl gave an instrumental and vocal concert, in which she was assisted by Miss Heilbron, pianist; Ed. Mollenhaver, violinist; the New York Singing Academy, and others; and on the same evening a popular concert took place at Association Hall, with Henri E. Brown as organist and conductor; and a musical and literary entertainment at Robinson Hall, by R. M. Johnston, G. H. Moore, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Thwaite and others ..... At the Tivoli theatre, "sacred concerts" were given in the afternoon and evening ..... Mme. Rentz and Mme. Canissa at the Stadt Theatre, where Miss Mayr enacted Gabriele in "Pariser Leben." ..... Mrs. Henry Butman's concert in aid of the Home for Christian Care on Dec. 7 offered an ent

OUR USUAL CALIFORNIA LETTER upon amusements is dated San Francisco, Nov. 30, and is as appended: "An extraordinary success has been achieved by the production of 'The Thoroughfare' at the California Theatre. Nothing so complete, so artistic as the present representation of the drama has been seen on the stage in this city for many months. And it is long since public interest has been awakened so widely as by the singularly effective acting of Mr. Florence as Obenreizer. Coming directly after his Cap'n Cuttle as Obenreizer. Coming directly after his Cap'n Cuttle and Bob Brierly, which were not viewed with particular enthusiasm, his performance of Obenreizer has been regarded with absolute astonishment, for its subtlety, power and clearness of purpose. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable personations that our stage has at any time witnessed, and the profound impression that it has made is exhibited in the crowded audiences in nightly attendance. 'No Thoroughfare' is announced for repetition until further notice. ..... 'Oliver Twist' as produced successfully at Maguire's Theatre on Nov. 26, with Miss Annette Ince as Nancy Sikes, J. A. Herne as Bill Sikes, Frank Rea as Bumble, George Giddens as the Artful Dodger, and Mr. Lindsay as Bumble. On Nov. 30 Miss Adele Leighton, who has purchased Miss Celia Logan's adaptation of 'The Sphinx,' will appear for that night only as Blanche in that drama. On Dec. 1 the regular company will appear in 'Carlotta, or the Queen of the Arena,' a new drama written by John De Bonay. The cast of this piece will be as follows: Carlotta, Annette Ince; Ponchu, Sidney Cowell; Bambino, J. A. Herne; Clown, George Giddens; Harlequin, Frank Rea; Captain Sheldrake, Thos. Whiffen ..... Emerson's Minstrels continue to attract large audiences it Maguire's Theatre. The latest novelties have been the appearance of Harry Gordon, the musical phenomenon, and Leopold and Geraldine, gymnasts."

TONY DENIER'S COMBINATION had an excellent business at Peoria, Ill., Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, producing "Humpty Dumpty Abroad" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." The company is well selected, the actors all being well up in their business. Mr. Denier, as clown, fully sustained his well-earned reputation, and was loudly applauded at each appearance. The specialty portion of the programme is varied, and elicits the admiration of all. Mr. D. has a most excellent orchestra and brass band, who received high compliments both on the street and at the entertainments. Mr. Harry Miner is the business manager of the troupe. They go to Detroit, Mich., Dec. 7, 8, 9. ..... The Bartlett Sisters' Concert and Comedy Company, as reorganized, is officered as follows: M. O. Harkness, proprietor and general manager; Sam S. Patton, stage-manager; Prof. F. G. Minkler, musical director; E. R. Jones, business agent; Frank Morgan, press agent. The troupe is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: The Misses Bella Bartlett, Jesse F. Bartlett, Lizzie Allen, Lillie G. Allen, and Florence Watson; Messrs. E. L. Bartlett, Robert L. Farr, S. L. Fish, C. L. Jones, W. S. Kent, and H. Upjohn. The brass band and orchestra, composed of Prof. F. G. Minkler, leader; Charles S. Haywood, J. G. Bates, C. S. Hodge, Sam S. Patton, E. L. Bartlett, Wm. Zindell, W. J. Robinson, Willie Hayworth, and Will S. Kent. They have a neat and tasty uniform, and discourse "most excellent music." Their initial performance was given Dec. 2 to a large and fashionable audience. The first part of the programme consisted of songs by the Bartlett sisters and others of the troupe, which were well received and loudly applauded. In the second part the play of "Fashion" was well represented in the main. Mr. Farr as the Count gave a creditable piece of acting, while Sam Patton as Zeke was excellent. The ladies of the troupe are all well up in their business, and were frequently encored. Mr. Fish as Col. Howard, we are sorry to say, did not give satisfaction. The drama is not his forte, but as a tenor singer he is a success. The rest of the company are as good as the average of traveling troupes. They take the road next (this) week, and their route will be duly reported for THE CLIPPER. ..... Letter of Dec. 4.

E. L. DAVENPORT, supported by Mrs. E. L. Davenport, began an engagement at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 30, opening in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." His rendition of Sir Giles Overreach was excellent. The support of Mrs. Davenport as Lady Allworth, Miss Conway as Margaret Overreach, and Mr. Levick as Wellborn, was very commendable. On Wednesday the bill was changed to "Wild Oats," with Mr. Davenport as Rover. Miss Conway endowed the character of Lady Amaranth with the necessary grace and spirit. Miss Katy Mayhew was very pleasing as Jane. J. E. Nagle as John Dory, Alex. Vincent as Ephraim Smooth, T. A. Beckett as Sir Geo. Thunder, and F. E. Foster as Harry Thunder, were all good in their respective parts. H. A. Webber's Trap made a capital piece of character acting. On Thursday, "Othello;" Friday, "Damon and Pythias" and "The Honeymoon;" Saturday matinee, "Wild Oats;" and night, "Richard III," were given. December 7 Mr. Davenport appears as Hamlet. ..... "Willy Reilly," with Dominick Murray in the title-role, was the attraction at the Holliday-street Theatre on Nov. 30. Mr. Murray made a better impression as Willy Reilly than was apparent last week. His acting of that character was full of genuine feeling and pathos, and was well-received. Mr. Murray received efficient aid from Miss De Forrest, Miss Denier and Messrs. Price, Stanley and Lanagan. On Thursday "The Gambler's Crime" was given, which ran the rest of the week. Frederic Robinson in his drama of "Quarry Dell" is announced for Dec. 7. ..... Miss Rosa Lee, the Faust Family, Miss Mollie Wilson, and Baker and Farron are the new attractions at the Front-street Theatre on Nov. 30. Miss Mollie Wilson, a pretty little blonde, was well received in her budget of songs. The Faust Family received enthusiastic applause in their thrilling acrobatic feats. Miss Rosa Lee is a fine songstress. Her recalling "The Sneezing Song" was finely executed in a brilliant manner. Each performance concluded with the sensational drama of "Chris and Lena," the leading parts being rendered in an acceptable manner by Baker and Farron. The cast was very strong, the more prominent among whom were Messrs. Edgerly, Donaldson and Walter Bent, and the Misses Chester and Le Claire. Business good. The departures Dec. 5 were Mike Gallagher to Washington, and Emerson and Clark. The arrivals for Dec. 7 consist of Harry Sheldon and Schaeffer and Nelson. Baker and Farron remain another week, performing in "The Cut Glove." ..... The old veteran, George Kunkel, has got together a fair company, and will give some performances at the Maryland Institute, commencing on Dec. 7. On the opening night "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given, with Geo. Kunkel as Tom, Miss Jennie Anderson as Cassy, Little Mamie as Eva, and Harry Walton as Legree. Prof. Geo. Nachman will lead the orchestra. Letter dated Dec. 5.

F. S. CHANFRAU is to act this week at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., opening in "Kit."

DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE COMBINATION play "The School for Scandal" at the Newark, N. J., Opera-house on Dec. 11.

SUSAN DENIS, supported by Morris & Whitley's Dramatic Company, is to perform at Streator, Ill., Dec. 7, 8, 9, 10, Pontiac 11, 12, Champaign 14, 15, 16, Paris 17, 18, 19.

OLIVE LOGAN appeared at Toledo, O., Nov. 30 in "The Woman who Talks" and "Amy's Experience."

"THE TWO ORPHANS," a drama in five acts, by Robert Johnston and George Aiken, is the only one that has been copyrighted under this title, according to their card. They advertise copies for sale.

THE BROOKLYN, L. I., THEATRES have not been blessed with a very flattering business during the past week, although no cause could be assigned why there was not a large attendance, except the approach of the holiday season. At the Brooklyn, Stuart Robson did not draw so well as the managers expected. "Law in New York" was acted Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2, and then withdrawn. "Little Treasure," "Camille, or the Cracked Heart," and "The Hypocrite," with "Uncle Spitfire" added 4, 5 in the play of "The Hypocrite," Mr. Robson delivered his lecture "On the sinfulness of visiting theatres," which was very funny, keeping the audience in continual laughter. It would have done Talmage's heart good to have heard it. E. A. McDowell's personations of Hughey Dougherty in "Law in New York," and Armand in "Camille," were excellent. He is a good actor. Messrs. Boker, Griffiths, Hastings, the Misses Lillian Conway, Annie Waite and Jennie Gourley are worthy of mention. Miss Charlotte Thompson will appear Dec. 7 in "Jane Eyre," in which the child-actress Little Mabel Leonard will be introduced. The play will be presented with new scenery, etc. ..... At the Park Miss Carlotta Leclercq acted Mary Warner in the play of that title Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, and Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" 5. "Mary Warner" was also added to the bill. "Mary Warner" was not very successful with the Brooklynites. Miss Leclercq was ably supported by Frank Evans as George Warner, Charles Norris as Bob Leavitt, and Miss May Arlington as Milly Riggs. Frank Evans made a decided hit as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," and William in "Blackeyed Susan." Miss Blanche Grey's Susan was excellent. Frank Lamb was very good as Gnatbrain. Messrs. Jordan, Thompson, Hind, Clifton and Mrs. Brutone and Thompson merit special mention. W. A. Mestayer is to appear in "The Hoodlum, or Life in Frisco," Dec. 7.

MRS. F. W. LANDER and a dramatic company played Dec. 3, 4, 5, in Augusta, Ga., to good houses. Route: Atlanta 7, 8, Chattanooga, Tenn., 9, Nashville 10, 11, 12, Louisville, Ky., one week commencing 14, Indianapolis one week, commencing 21.

THE NEW-YORK-SAN VILLA TROUPE are to be at Guelph, Ont., Dec. 7, 8, and Berlin 9, 10.

JOHN M. MURRAY, leading man of Fanny B. Price's dramatic company, was presented on Dec. 2, at Terre Haute, Ind., with a son weighing eight pounds.

W. F. POWELL inserts a card in our advertising department in reply to certain statements made by our Atlanta, Ga., correspondent in THE CLIPPER dated Nov. 21, and explaining the trouble between Mr. Powell and W. H. Lingard.

JULIA SEAMAN commences a two weeks' engagement at the Boston Museum, Mass., Dec. 14, and opens in Rochester, N. Y., 28, Buffalo Jan. 4, 1875, and Philadelphia 25, for six weeks.

MARIE ZOE, "the Cuban Sylph," who has just concluded a Southern engagement, under the management of W. T. Powell, opens at the Opera-house, Portland, Me., Dec. 14, for two weeks; Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., 28, two weeks; Omaha, Neb., Jan. 18, 1875, and plays there and in an adjacent circuit for four weeks, and afterwards goes to Salt Lake.

AT THE MEMPHIS, TENN., THEATRE there is one week open from Jan. 4, 1875, and a week from Jan. 18; also, time after March 20, for which operatic, dramatic, or spectacular combinations will be treated with. Parties desiring to play there on sharing terms, or per centage, or to rent the theatre, are requested to apply to A. S. Pennoyer, whose card is in another column.

AMUSEMENTS IN Chicago, Ill., up to Dec. 5 are reported as follows by our regular correspondent:

During the week just passed we have not been blessed with that sort of weather which tempts people out of doors, and as a consequence the amusement houses have played some to fair and one to very slender audiences. The English comedian, J. H. Toole, has played to uniform good houses throughout the week, and the Academy audiences have been distinguished for their intelligence and capacity to appreciate and enjoy humor artistically delineated. Mr. Toole has appeared in his already well-known impersonations of Dick Dolland, Harry Coke, John Thomas, etc. Harry Dunbar, advance agent, joined fortunes with the Toole party here, and preceded them to St. Louis. On Dec. 7 Mr. Gardner will bring out "Davy Crockett," with Frank Mayo as the star. ..... Although Mr. Hooley had publicly announced the production of "School" for the present week's entertainment, the success with which the play of "Divorce" was greeted induced the manager to continue it for another week. The only change was the substitution of Mr Buckley for Murdoch in the role of Capt. Lynde, and Miss Maggie Gallagher in place of Mrs. Williams as the Irish waiting maid. Miss Gallagher gives surprising evidence of ability, particularly when she kicks her old shoe after the wedding party at close of first act. This evening Mr. James O'Neill, leading gentleman, receives a benefit, and at present no eligible seats are to be obtained, showing conclusively that his reward will be an ample one. The bill includes the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Hawthorne as Portia; the third act of "Othello," "Jerry Clip," with imitations by Nate Salsbury, and a fiery edition of "Richard III" by Crane, in which O'Neil will endeavor to hold his own as Richmond. Next (this) week Mr. Hooley positively promises to keep "School." ..... John Brougham is at McVicker's Theatre. Edwin Booth will be the next star. ..... John W. Blaisdell has entered into a project to take the management of Ayers' Opera-house, and after a few alterations are made it is understood that Mr. Blaisdell will open it with a company which will comprise nearly the same people he has had on the road so far this season. John Dillon, who is a powerful attraction in Chicago, will be the chief magnet. The Linden party succumbed to the inevitable last week, and so for the present the house is closed. Captain Dickey will, however, go on with his Museum, and will run it in connection with the Blaisdell Combination ..... The scene about the new Adelphi is one of the busiest imaginable. The roof is nearly completed, after which the force of employes will be doubled, and work will proceed day and night. Mr. Grover and Mr. Cole are constantly on the ground, and no time is to be wasted to effect a speedy completion.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW GLOBE THEATRE, and other amusements in Boston, Mass., are thus reported by our correspondent, writing on Dec. 6:

Long before the time announced for the opening of the auction sale on Tuesday, Dec. 1, of the seats for the first night of the new Globe Theatre, a large crowd had gathered in the office of Messrs. Hawes & Henshaw, anxiously awaiting the opportunity for securing choice positions. Promptly at half past twelve Mr. Henshaw mounted the stand, and the bidding was commenced. The first choice was started at two dollars premium, and was finally knocked down to some unknown person for the sum of $12.50. He took two seats, making this portion of his expense for the night $29. The next choice sold for about $8, then the bidding gradually grew quieter, and the others were disposed of at prices ranging from $5 down to $1 premium. At the end the boxes were put up, and some of the best sold at the single premium of $2 and $3, showing that there had been a good deal of needless excitement at the early part of the sale, the theatre being plenty large enough to hold all who wanted to come. During the day, Thursday, there were rumors afloat, some of which got into the newspapers, that the Committee on Licenses in the City Government had refused to license the theatre on the ground that the building which had no supporting pillars, had sagged some one inch and a half, and was unsafe, and that they had only agreed to the opening of the theatre on condition that pillars should be put in. This is unfounded. Of course, the actual truth could not be known, and the rumor was exaggerated as it spread. The consequence was that many who had bought seats were afraid to go, and many others who had intended purchasing, refrained from so doing. The house was, therefore, although comfortably filled, by no means crowded, and special parties who have paid large premiums themselves at the auction, were unable to get a cent premium, and in some instances were forced to sell at half of the regular price. None of the best two-dollar balcony and orchestra chairs bringing but a dollar. We have been unable to find out the actual truth of these rumors. This much, however, is true—that the pillars are placed beneath the balcony. On Thursday, although at first it had not been intended that there should be any. The opening, we are sorry to say, was premature. The house was not finished, the carpets were not all down, some of the frescoing was not complete, the papering had been dried artificially and sociuckly that it had blistered in many places, and altogether the place had an undished and unsatisfactory aspect. If they had but waited until the night originally announced for the opening, the three days this gained would have been ample to get everything into ship-shape. The interior of the auditorium was, however, tastefully and beautifully dressed with flowers, and the bright dresses and happy, smiling faces made up for a great deal. The opening attraction was the performance of "Monsieur Alphonse," represented by a company from the Fifth-avenue Theatre, New York. As a matter of record, we append the cast:

Capt. Montaiglin.....	Raymonde.....
D. H. Harkins	Miss Annie Graham
Mons. Octave..... Geo. Parkes	Madame Guichard
Jorlin..... Owen Fawcett	Miss Fanny Davenport
Remy..... Frank Hardenberg	Manon..... Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
	Bonette. Miss Stella Congdon
Adrienne.....	Bijou Heron

There were two changes in the above cast from that originally announced, viz., the substitution of Miss Graham for Miss Varian, and Mr. Hardenberg for Mr. Davidge. In the latter case, the change was but for the single night, Mr. Davidge appearing Friday and Saturday, as announced. The Chirpy's readers are familiar with the impersonations of Mr. Hardenberg, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert and Bijou Heron, for they were in the original cast of "Fedora" at this theatre. Of them, therefore, but the briefest mention is necessary. Mr. Hardenberg is an old Boston stand-by, an old time favorite through his long connection with the Howard Athenæum, and his reception was, therefore, tremendously enthusiastic. It must have done his heart good to find that he is still remembered, notwithstanding his five years' desertion of the sacred boards beautiful. He deserves every word of praise that he got for it in New York. Miss Davenport struck the popular heart at once, and makes us for once envious of New York. Mr. Gilbert was effective in her brief scene, and Bijou Heron made an instantaneous hit. Miss Graham is an intelligent and pleasing actress, but hardly equal to such a role as Raymonde. She is too cold, and, in the great emotions, forced in her method. Mr. Harkins was not a success as Montaiglin. He is an earnest actor, and one thoroughly interested in his work, and in his quiet moments is rather pleasing, but in the trying scenes—in fact, the situation at the end of the second act, for instance—he lacks the physical power to do anything but rant. Mr. Parkes is a useful, gentlemanly actor, who directed his part that we, poor benighted Bostonians, never dreamed possible. He wore the handsomest, best-fitting clothes we have seen on any actor, and looked like a gentleman in them, too, instead of a tailor's model. Mr. Fawcett made an excellent Jovin, giving a very funny impersonation. Miss Congdon was pretty and pleasing in her brief role. She showed much taste in the appointment of the single scene that answered for the three acts being rich, elegant and appropriate. The effect of the heavy tariff of prices has been felt since the opening night, the house not being more than half full at any performance since. Strakosch takes possession Dec. 7, and gives us a brief season of Italian opera. "Aida" is announced for Monday and Wednesday, "Sonnambula" for Tuesday, "Traviata" for Thursday, "Lucia di Lammermoor" for Friday, and "Faust" at the Saturday matinee. ..... At the Howard Athenæum Lord Byron impersonates his familiar role of the Ferret in "Across the Continent" up to Thursday, when he gave "Ben McCullough" instead. Both have been done here before, and call for no further comment. C. B. Bishop appeared as Knock-me-down Johnny, and was very funny. Harrigan and Hart appeared each evening, previously to the drama, in their specialties. To-morrow, Dec. 7, Joe Murphy opens in "Maum Cree," and Charles Diamond and Jolly Nash are the fresh variety stars. ..... Mrs. James A. Oates has sapplied us with our first opera of the season, opening in the familiar "Madame Angot's Daughter," at the Boston Theatre, on Nov. 30. The opera was done here by precisely the same troupe, with the exception of John Howson, last week. Mr. Howson is a comedian of a good deal of humorous ability, and his singing is quite good. He fully makes good the loss of Mr. Thal when he was to be treated to the first representation in America of Lecocq's "Giroflé-Girofla," which is said to be in every way equal to "Madame Angot." This week is the last of the Dutch season, and on the 14th the Kiralfy spectacle of "The Prodigal Son" will be brought out with some splendid scenery by Mr. Getz. The regular company have been travelling through the adjoining towns the past week with "Cinderella" and "Sarah's Young Man." During the coming week they present the same bill in Worcester, Gloucester, Lawrence, Lowell and Salem. ..... The Museum finds "Mary Warner" still a paying card, and it will be presented until further notice.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed a three nights' season at the Opera-house, Massillon, O., on Dec. 2, when "Richard III" was produced before a large and appreciative audience. John Townsend, who impersonated Richard, was called before the curtain at the close of the combat with Richmond (Harry Townsend), and in a brief speech said that he hoped to pay Massillon another visit at a future date. The troupe performed at Wooster 3, 4, 5, and Ohio papers speak of their performances as follows:

FAREWELL, TOWNSEND.—In bidding farewell to the Townsend Family, who gave their last entertainment for this season on Saturday evening last, at Wells' Hall, we may do justice in saying that this troupe, unlike so many that visit us, are worthy the name of the profession they so well adorn. They are artists, and by their affable demeanor and respect: there is nothing in their mien repugnant to the graces which belong to ladies and gentlemen. Such a troupe, with the skill they display and the high character of their productions, and the skillful rendition of the plays, is worthy the patronage of all theatre-going people. Those who missed the Saturday evening's entertainment of Richard III. missed a rich treat. We cheerfully recommend this troupe, with the concomitants of a first-class dramatic company, to our brethren of the press and the public at large, and to one and all we welcome them in our city whenever they may chance to come, knowing they have justly won many friends.—*Warren Constitution*, Nov. 24.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY.—Our amusement-goers have been enjoying a rare treat this week in the playing of the Townsend Family, who closed a successful season last night with the great play of "King Richard," the veteran Townsend, Sr., taking the title-role, in which character he is immense. This company is undoubtedly the most artistic that has ever appeared before an Alliance audience. The band and orchestra, also, will be more than pleased to welcome their return on some future occasion.—*Alliance Local*, Nov. 28.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY.—On last evening this dramatic company treated our theatre-going people to the rendition of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Richard III." We have seen a number of gentlemen prominent in the profession play the hunchbacked tyrant, but we are free to say that Mr. John Townsend's conception and performance of the character are excellent, and would do credit to any stage. In fact, the entire cast of characters in the play was marked high in the character of Richard. The audience were highly gratified, and indeed they have impressed our people so favorably during all their four days' stay with us as gentlemen and ladies, as well as chaste and fine players, that they have been requested to remain with us and give another performance. We have seldom seen finer wardrobe than they carry.—*Alliance Sunday Tribune*, Dec. 1.

MISS BESSIE DARLING and her dramatic company are reported as doing a good business in the towns in the interior of Pennsylvania. In addition to acting in her society-drama called "Her Face Her Fortune," which has been well received, she recently performed the character of Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." *The Morning Republican*, Scranton, Pa., of Nov. 30 thus reviews her acting:

A large audience assembled at the Opera-house on Thanksgiving night to witness the representation of Bulwer Lytton's charming drama "The Lady of Lyons" by the Bessie Darling Dramatic Combination. There is not, perhaps, in the entire range of standard literature a more ornate drama" a play more beautiful than this, the masterpiece of Lytton's productions, nor one which demands a higher standard of merit to do it justice in the way of representation, and therefore it is that Miss Bessie Darling, who is comparatively new to the stage, deserves so much credit for the triumph she achieved in her personation of Pauline, the haughty beauty of Lyons. Her vivacity in the opening scene, her consciousness of her personal charms, and her disdainful rejection of Beauseant were admirably acted, while her attachment to the Prince, who came up to the idol which her lofty fancy had pictured, was perfect. It was in the cottage-scene, however, that she rose to the full height of her histrionic power. Here the truth began to dawn upon her, and she found that she had been betrayed, then it was that her powers shone forth. Her every movement, look and gesture were eloquent, while her sarcastic echo of Claude's description of his ideal home, the

"Palace lifting to eternal Summer its marble walls,"

was rendered with all the bitterness of her wounded love and pride. The conflicting passions of love and sorrow that animated her when her parents came to take her from her home to marry the man of their choice, that her pride finally relinquished her so readily, were portrayed with true womanly spirit, and with a power and pathos that fairly electrified her audience and won her a rapturous round of applause. This is all the more creditable in Miss Darling, since we learn that it was her first appearance as Pauline. The legitimate drama is certainly her forte, and we would in all sincerity advise her to give up the starchy, namby-pamby, society-play entitled "Her Face Her Fortune," and to strike out into the field for which she is best adapted. Miss Darling's support was very creditable, and the play a success. Miss Darling was twice called before the curtain, and gracefully acknowledged the hearty plaudits she received.

HELEN D'ESTE and J. G. STUTTZ, who have just concluded a successful engagement at Columbus, Miss., are thus noticed by *The Press* of that city:

HELEN D'ESTE AND J. G. STUTTZ.—Last Saturday night, having been announced as the last appearance of the talented actress and her illustrious troupe, a crowded audience was present to witness the great play of "Hamlet," with the immortal Stuttz as the "melancholy Dane." The cast was arranged with rare taste. Helen D'Este as Ophelia enacted the part of that poor, mad maiden in a most artistic, thrilling and life-like manner. Laertes, her brother, found a worthy counterpart in the talented and powerful Alex. Balfour. The infallible Wolfe as Polonius, and afterwards Gravedigger, acted his part with all the originality and pleasing effect which the highest genius could alone attain. As the curtain fell upon one scene, in which the audience had hung, spellbound and electrified, upon the soul-thrilling words and gestures of the great Hamlet, suddenly the whole assemblage arose and called loudly for "Stuttz, Stuttz." Coming before the curtain, Judge Orr addressed the audience and gave utterance to the feelings of all present in a few neat and appropriate words of gratitude and appreciation of the sublime histrionic talent to which they had been witnesses, and in behalf of the whole community invited the company to remain with us for another week. Mr. Stuttz replied in a happy manner, and promised to do so if the arrangements of the advance agent would permit. The arrangement was consummated by telegraph that night, and, while the citizens of Meridian may well feel impatient and cross at our selfishness, we have been enjoying one of the rarest week's entertainments that have ever been in Columbus, and the company, with crowded houses, can hardly regret their continuance. If Meridian can show a better appreciation of high histrionic talent than we have seen, it will be a pleasure for us to ask pardon for a week's delay.

H. A. KENDALL, supported by his own company, commenced a season of six nights at Desmoines, Ia., Nov. 23, in "Rip Van Winkle." Of his impersonation of the character the *Daily Iowa State Register* says:

KENDALL.—This well-known and old-time favorite in Des Moines commenced a six nights' engagement at Moore's Opera-house last evening. In the role of Richard lieu Mr. Kendall achieved a magnificent success—it was a complete triumph, and his impersonation of this marvelous character stamped him as an actor possessed of the highest artistic and histrionic powers. He delineated with historic fidelity the pride, ambition, political daring and vanity of the old man who ruled by his crafty will the monarch of the mightiest empire of Europe; and in the scene where he brings the power of Rome and the Church to protect his ward from the pollutor, he aroused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm that brought down round after round of applause. Mrs. Kendall as Julie gave us the best acting, next to Kendall, of the evening. Dressed in elegant taste, setting off to fine advantage a very handsome form, and wearing herself with a modest self-possession that might have been born of distinguished lineage and royal society, she made many friends among the audience.

MUSICAL.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY gave "Trovatore" at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., on the 3d inst., to a fair audience. The cast included Jennie Van Zandt, Mrs. Seguin, Messrs. Carlton, Maas and Hamilton. "Mignon" will be produced on the 4th, the leading roles being represented by Clara Louise Kellogg, Jennie Van Zandt, Ada Beaumont, Messrs. Peakes, Seguin, Dubruel and Castle. For the matinee on the 5th "The Marriage of Figaro" will be presented, and for the closing performance in the evening "Ernani" will constitute the bill. The route for the future is Washington, Dec. 7, for two weeks; afterwards, Richmond, one week; Baltimore, two weeks; Philadelphia, three weeks; New York, three weeks; and Boston, three weeks. Correspondence dated Dec. 4.

THE CINCINNATI QUINTET concertized at Melodeon Hall, in that city, on Dec. 4.

CARL PALLAT gave a concert at College Hall, Cincinnati, on the 2d inst.

THE MOZART CHORAL SOCIETY and Oriole Glee Club, both of Cincinnati, gave a concert at Oddfellows' Hall, Newport, Ky., on Dec. 3.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" is to be given by amateurs at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., on the 16th inst. The chorus will number over sixty.

REHEARSALS for the Cincinnati May Musical Festival are now being regularly held.

THE OTTESKA CONCERT TROUPE were billed for a Sacred Concert at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, on Dec 6.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS, having completed an eight months' engagement with G. L. Fox's New York Pantomime Troupe, will make a short tour through the towns surrounding Boston, Mass., commencing at Plymouth, Dec. 14.

AIMEE AND HER OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY open at Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 7, for five nights and one matinee. Performances will be given on every night of the week except the 10th.

"OSTROLENKA," a new opera, by Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, was produced for the first time, on the 3d of December, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, before a large and appreciative audience. The scene is laid in Poland during the era of her unfortunate struggles for freedom. The throne of Poland is occupied by an usurping tyrant, while the rightful heiress, Lodoiska, is in retirement. Ostrolenka, a prominent nobleman, is the lover of Lodoiska. He is also loved by the Queen, but repulses her advances, beseeches her to do justice to Lodoiska, and warns her of the consequence of persisting in holding the throne in defiance of law and of the wishes of the people. The Queen, enraged and jealous, determines to destroy Lodoiska, and that princess is led to the scaffold, and is on the point of becoming a victim to the hate of her rival when Ostrolenka and his fellow-conspirators throw off their disguises and rush to her rescue, putting the Queen and her supporters to flight. The opera—which was handsomely mounted—made a favorable impression. The leading parts were sustained by Mlle. Lamars, Mme. Lang-Siegler, Herr Remmerts and Herr Fritsch.

ANYONE having Swiss bells for sale can find a purchaser by addressing "Bell Manager," care of this office.

THE AIMEE OPERA-BOUFFE TROUPE attracted large audiences at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Dec. 5, the second and last of their engagement. "La Princess de Trebizonde" was produced Nov. 30 for the first time in Philadelphia. Mlle. Aimee, in the title-role, appeared to great advantage in acting with archness and vivacity, and singing sweetly. "Les Cloches de Corneville" was given on Dec. 2, Mlle. Nardynn creditably assuming the title-role at short notice, owing to the sudden illness of Mlle. Aimee. "La Belle Helene" was produced on the 3d inst., and "La Perichole" and "Lisbon and Frisco" on the 4th inst.—the farewell benefit of Mlle. Aimee.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE commenced a brief season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Nov. 30, "La Sonnambula" being the opening opera, in which Mlle. Albani made her first appearance in this city, displaying the role of Amina. "Ernani," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust, Margherita" and "La Traviata" constituted the programme for the week. The attendence was light, owing to the high rates of admission. "Faust" was given on the afternoon of the 3d inst., the Academy being previously engaged for the evening.

BENJ. B. DALE, whose address find elsewhere, offers for sale a Besson E-flat cornet.

A BAND LEADER advertises for an engagement. He is also an arranger and solo cornet-player.

C. A. POTTER has been engaged by the Alleghanian Bellringers as their business agent, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

E. A. ANDRE is leader of orchestra with the Nellie Daniels Swiss Bellringers' Company.

LEE & WALKER publish the new song "I Want to See Mamma Once More," and can be obtained by mailing them the publishers' price, 30 cents.

J. A. EMIDY, leader of the brass band with Howe's London Circus last season, is prepared to arrange with a first-class company for the season of 1875. He can furnish a full band, and arrange music for spectacles, etc. See advertisement.

CHAS. HEYWOOD, soprano, informs us that he has met with much success in Germany, where he has appeared in concerts, and that he will not return to America until next September. In the interim he will study music in Berlin, under the guidance of Prof. F. Gumpert.

A LADY VOCALIST is wanted to travel. See Wm. Henri's card.

A BEGINNER'S QUADRILLE BAND BOOK, simply arranged for any number of instruments from one to five, is published by G. H. Rowe of Boston, who gives the price and other particulars in a card published elsewhere.

A SECOND VIOLIN and B-flat tenor is wanted. See Nellie Daniels' advertisement.

THE HOLMANS are booked at Detroit, Mich., Dec. 24, 25, 26, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 1875, the Aimee troupe being sandwiched in Dec. 28, 29, 30.

PROF. ROSEWALD gave the third of his series of symphony concerts at the Concordia Opera-house, Baltimore, on Dec. 3, to fine business.

MISS ANNETTA KUHN, the blind artiste, will have a benefit given to her by her friends in Baltimore Dec. 8. The Maryland Musical Society, Mme. Auerbach, Mme. and Prof. Rosewald have volunteered.

P. S. GILMORE'S BAND, assisted by Violetta Colville, prima-donna, gave a concert at Albany, N. Y., Dec. 2 (house fair), Syracuse 4, Rochester 5. Route: Erie, Pa., 7, Cleveland, O., 8, Pittsburg, Pa., 9, Harrisburg 10, Wilkesbarre 11, Scranton 12, Trenton, N. J., 14. These concerts are given under the management of Mr. Joseph Walker of Scranton.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB gave a concert at the Portland, (Me.), Museum Dec. 6, and will be at Lewiston 7.

THE DI MURSKA TROUPE give a concert at Portland, Me., Dec. 17.

THE DIRECTORS have arranged for the formal opening of the New Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Jan. 5, 1875. It will be inaugurated with a grand ball and promenade concert on Dec. 14. Artists of ability are advertised for.

THE LA VERDI BROS., gymnasts, state elsewhere that they have a few open dates, and publish a card from J. M. Mortimer of the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, highly recommending their sensational acts.

AT FLYNN'S VARIETIES, New Orleans, La., an accession of fresh talent, and the efforts of the management under Charles O. White, have been rewarded with largely increased business, until the capacity of the building is scarcely sufficient for the public accommodation. Among the new faces are the Reed Sisters, very pretty, petite, and excellent in their double clog and jig dancing; Charles L. Banks, Ethiopian comedian, in his end-biz. and stump-speech, has proved a good card; Tom Warfield, with his banjo and in sketches, is thoughly appreciated; W. J. Malone has proved highly acceptable in his dramatic efforts; Miss Kate Lawrence, the new premains as premiere dancer, enjoys increasing popularity, as does Miss Minnie Hall, whose protean changes and male characterizations with songs are artistic and tasteful. On Dec. 7 Miss Nellie Brooks, Miss Abby Farnesworth, Little Gus and George Kurtz are announced to appear. Letter of Dec. 7.

AT THE NEW YORK VARIETIES, New Brunswick, N. J., which was opened Nov. 26, the following people performed during the past week: Dollie Shay, Wannetta Craven, Dave Wilson, Billy Eakins, Tom Hodges, Frank Moore, Master Theodore Appell and Master Johnny Smith. For Dec. 7 Ella Woods and Minnie Clair are billed.

THE OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, under the management of Edwin Rupert, at Davenport, Ia., is to open Dec. 7. The company announced includes John A. Thompson, Georgie K. Burton, Emma Graham, Miss Madigan, Hughey Haggerty, Viola Plunkett, Nellie Wallace, Annie Leonard, Ada Breslaw and Mlle. Cerito.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Vandeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Nov. 30 were Maud Leonore, Johnson Smith, the Richmond Sisters, and Al. S. Lipman. Miss Leonore only appeared in the first part, and for some reason did not sing, so we are unable to judge of her ability. The Richmonds are old favorites here, and received much applause for their meritorious songs-and-dances. Johnny Smith was very fair in the first part, but his songs and sayings were somewhat ancient. The Barlow Brothers leave on Dec. 5 for Detroit. Nellie Taylor, Gus Shaw, and Alf. Miles are billed for the 7th. Letter dated Dec. 3.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the counter attractions elsewhere seemed to have no effect upon the attendance here, it continuing large during the week. E. T. Stetson, Miss Marion Sommers, Miss Jennie Morgan, the Le Clairs and James Roche were the new appearances on the 30th of November. E. T. Stetson and Miss Marion Sommers sustained with much credit the principal parts in the sensational drama of "Chances," and others do the business. Hart being rewarded with hearty approbation, his comedy and Jennie Morgan's vocalism was much admired. The daring and expert gymnastic feats of John and Shed Le Clair, and the specialties of James Roche likewise came in for a liberal share of approval. John H. Carle and Miss Bettie Rehnberg opened Dec. 2. Harper and Stansill, John Harris and Billy Carroll appear Dec. 7. E. T. Stetson and Miss Marion Sommers appearing on that date in their sensational drama "Chances."

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Cleveland, O., Kitty Bernnette, Flora Henri, Kitty Palmer, Nat Blossom, Frank Hart, Charles Ravel, Billy Wheeler, and Tommy and Charley Henri were performing the past week. Kate Montrose and John McVeigh are billed for Dec. 7.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Lilly Howard closed Dec. 5. Blanche Saville is billed for Dec. 7, and Annie Weston 14.

MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, under the management of John R. Lane, has become one of the best-patronized places of amusement in that city. Gilday and Ginevin, Dutch comedian; Charles Seamon, song-and-dance man; and Minnie Clifton and Minnie Seamon, vocalists, were the fresh faces last week, and all took well, especially Gilday and Ginevin, who made an immense hit in their songs-and-dances. Young Ajax and the Linwoods did not close as reported. John R. Lane's new sensational drama of "Under a Cloud, or New York by Night," will be produced on the 7th of December.

KEARNEY AND MORAN and Billy Landis were the new appearances at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Nov. 30. The former have made a genuine hit in their Irish mus

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Of course the representations will differ in power and merit with the capacity of the performers and their devotion to the profession. Not every actor may be foremost in dramatic art, as were Garrick and Siddons; but each one who diligently and conscientiously pursues his profession will be, with Garrick and Siddons, in kind, if not in degree, an artist—a member of that great company, the warrant for whose existence and performance finds its authority in human nature.

Occasionally, and at considerable intervals of time, great representatives of the several branches of art have appeared to astonish and delight the world.

Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Milton and Dante and Shakespeare, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Garrick and Siddons, arose in due time, and they are now historic. Nearer our day are the elder Booth, and Macready and Forrest, Rachel and Ristori, Charlotte Cushman and Jenny Lind, Carl Formes and Salvi, Powers and Jones and Bracket, and others, with a long list of poets and painters, all of whom, in their respective branches of art, are on the roll of peaceful fame that will never perish.

It might be a sufficient and an exhaustive general criticism to say that Mr. Fechter, now performing at the Opera-house in this city, belongs, by the Divine right of fitness, to the immortal company of great artists.

But Charles Dickens has said of Fechter the best things that can be said of him, it is pleasant to know; but it is more pleasant to discover that all the great author said of the great actor is rather below than above the truth. It is the more satisfactory, because, while it is not probable, it might be possible, that even Dickens should fall into the common error of critics, especially of dramatic critics, and substitute his admiration of the man for his estimate of the artist, and so sacrifice art to the personality of the performer.

In the characters in which Fechter has here appeared he stands, assuredly, alone on the American stage, if not on the stage of the world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the merit of his performance. There seems to be small room for adverse criticism on his exercise of his powers. When first heard we may realize some want in his voice; some thinness not in harmony with the depth of his chest, the strength of his vocal organs and his general physique. But the impression is quickly dispelled by his remarkable intonation, the completeness of his elocution, by the singular grace and fitness of his gestures and attitude, and by his truly wonderful facial mobility, in which mobility, it is probable, he was never excelled, not even by Garrick, whose distinguishing quality as an actor was his facial expression. Native advantages of mind and body are no merit in a man: in what he does with such advantages is the merit. Fechter enjoys in this great natural advantages in the best manner; and where there may be a suspicion of any native defect, he covers the defect with consummate skill, and, as with all great artists, he almost exalts it to a place among his methods, to accomplish which is indeed one of the chief missions of art to the world.

Fechter keeps near to Nature. His angers and resentments and sorrows are real sensations, and they so produce. His "woes" are as fresh and rosy as though they were the first and real outburst of joyous youth. If, as has been said, the artist is in "Rob Roy" and "Ruy Blas" the play itself is a splendid exaggeration. Springing from the electric brain of Victor Hugo, only a brain equally electric can fully personate it. "Overacting" has long been said of Charlotte Cushman in Meg Merrilies, and yet that great woman is the only Meg Merrilies on the stage. The author of Don Cæsar de Bazan might retire from Fechter's personation of his prodigal Don with a clear belief that his hero was alive and real! If Bulwer were to see the Claude Melnotte of Fechter he might say: "Truly, Claude is real, not my imaginary creation."

Hamlet has been said to be "the greatest production of the uninspired human mind." Fechter's Hamlet last night was a surprise and a wonder to our people. His flaxen hair was the more striking, because we have been long accustomed to a Hamlet with the smooth and dusky ringlets of a Spanish "Don," rather than with the long, yellow brown hair of a Norseman. His costume was as much at variance with admitted traditions as were his hair, his manner and his reading. Only genius could make such marked innovations with any hope of success. And yet, when made, they will be found accepted, as in this case, as being equally correct and new; and the wonder will be that the great histrionic predecessors of the innovating actor did not make the change long ago. An audience, creditable in numbers and intelligence, greeted this new and unsurpassed impersonation of the Royal Dane. Miss Price was an Ophelia worthy the Hamlet.

Miss Price, who plays with this great artist, is herself an artiste. The promise of her girlhood is fulfilled in her womanhood. Reared in the severe Philadelphia school of the Drama, she has the methods, the subdued action, the accuracy and the elocution of that school—a school which Mr. Lemuel White, one of the greatest of elocutionists, founded, and through which Forrest and Murdock, and Roberts and Charlotte Cushman, and others have graduated to renown.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Mr. Fechter again appeared in "The Lady of Lyons," and achieved far more success than on Wednesday night. He was far more vigorous in his action, and Miss Price efficient as of Miss Lizzie Price lent a dignity to the gardener's sentimental son. Miss Lizzie Price deserves to share the honors of the evening with him. Like Fechter, her facial expression is perfect throughout. There is not to be seen with her the stage laugh, which goes no farther than mere guttural motion, a mere physical action; or the stage-weeping, which consists in a few forced sobs.

Throughout all of Pauline's sufferings, her wretchedness, misery and suffering, finally changing into joy, Miss Price's face was a seven more expressive than her actions and words. This, likewise, is Fechter's forte. His accent and intonation detracts somewhat from the force of his language, but his facial expression is perfect. And it is an art seldom attempted, less often achieved, by even the greatest actors.

To-night, Fechter's greatest piece, the favorite everywhere, "Ruy Blas," will be presented for the first time in New Orleans. It is a piece seldom played, and to which Mr. Fechter can lay claim, as Salvini claims "Ingomar," and Jefferson "Rip Van Winkle."

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MR. FECHTER
AS A
DRAMATIC ARTIST.

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The drama is a legitimate branch of art, and, as such, it will endure forever. It belongs to the immortal family of art of which music, and poetry, and sculpture and painting are members. So long as human passions may have their play upon the great stage of the world, just so long will they be represented by art, and especially by dramatic art, on the mimic stage of the theatre.

Of course the representations will differ in power and merit with the capacity of the performers and their devotion to the profession. Not every actor may be foremost in dramatic art, as were Garrick and Siddons; but each one who diligently and conscientiously pursues his profession will be, with Garrick and Siddons, in kind, if not in degree, an artist—a member of that great company, the warrant for whose existence and performance finds its authority in human nature.

Occasionally, and at considerable intervals of time, great representatives of the several branches of art have appeared to astonish and delight the world.

Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Milton and Dante and Shakespeare, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Garrick and Siddons, arose in due time, and they are now historic. Nearer our day are the elder Booth, and Macready and Forrest, Rachel and Ristori, Charlotte Cushman and Jenny Lind, Carl Formes and Salvi, Powers and Jones and Bracket, and others, with a long list of poets and painters, all of whom, in their respective branches of art, are on the roll of peaceful fame that will never perish.

It might be a sufficient and an exhaustive general criticism to say that Mr. Fechter, now performing at the Opera-house in this city, belongs, by the Divine right of fitness, to the immortal company of great artists.

But Charles Dickens has said of Fechter the best things that can be said of him, it is pleasant to know; but it is more pleasant to discover that all the great author said of the great actor is rather below than above the truth. It is the more satisfactory, because, while it is not probable, it might be possible, that even Dickens should fall into the common error of critics, especially of dramatic critics, and substitute his admiration of the man for his estimate of the artist, and so sacrifice art to the personality of the performer.

In the characters in which Fechter has here appeared he stands, assuredly, alone on the American stage, if not on the stage of the world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the merit of his performance. There seems to be small room for adverse criticism on his exercise of his powers. When first heard we may realize some want in his voice; some thinness not in harmony with the depth of his chest, the strength of his vocal organs and his general physique. But the impression is quickly dispelled by his remarkable intonation, the completeness of his elocution, by the singular grace and fitness of his gestures and attitude, and by his truly wonderful facial mobility, in which mobility, it is probable, he was never excelled, not even by Garrick, whose distinguishing quality as an actor was his facial expression. Native advantages of mind and body are no merit in a man: in what he does with such advantages is the merit. Fechter enjoys in this great natural advantages in the best manner; and where there may be a suspicion of any native defect, he covers the defect with consummate skill, and, as with all great artists, he almost exalts it to a place among his methods, to accomplish which is indeed one of the chief missions of art to the world.

Fechter keeps near to Nature. His angers and resentments and sorrows are real sensations, and they so produce. His "woes" are as fresh and rosy as though they were the first and real outburst of joyous youth. If, as has been said, the artist is in "Rob Roy" and "Ruy Blas" the play itself is a splendid exaggeration. Springing from the electric brain of Victor Hugo, only a brain equally electric can fully personate it. "Overacting" has long been said of Charlotte Cushman in Meg Merrilies, and yet that great woman is the only Meg Merrilies on the stage. The author of Don Cæsar de Bazan might retire from Fechter's personation of his prodigal Don with a clear belief that his hero was alive and real! If Bulwer were to see the Claude Melnotte of Fechter he might say: "Truly, Claude is real, not my imaginary creation."

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